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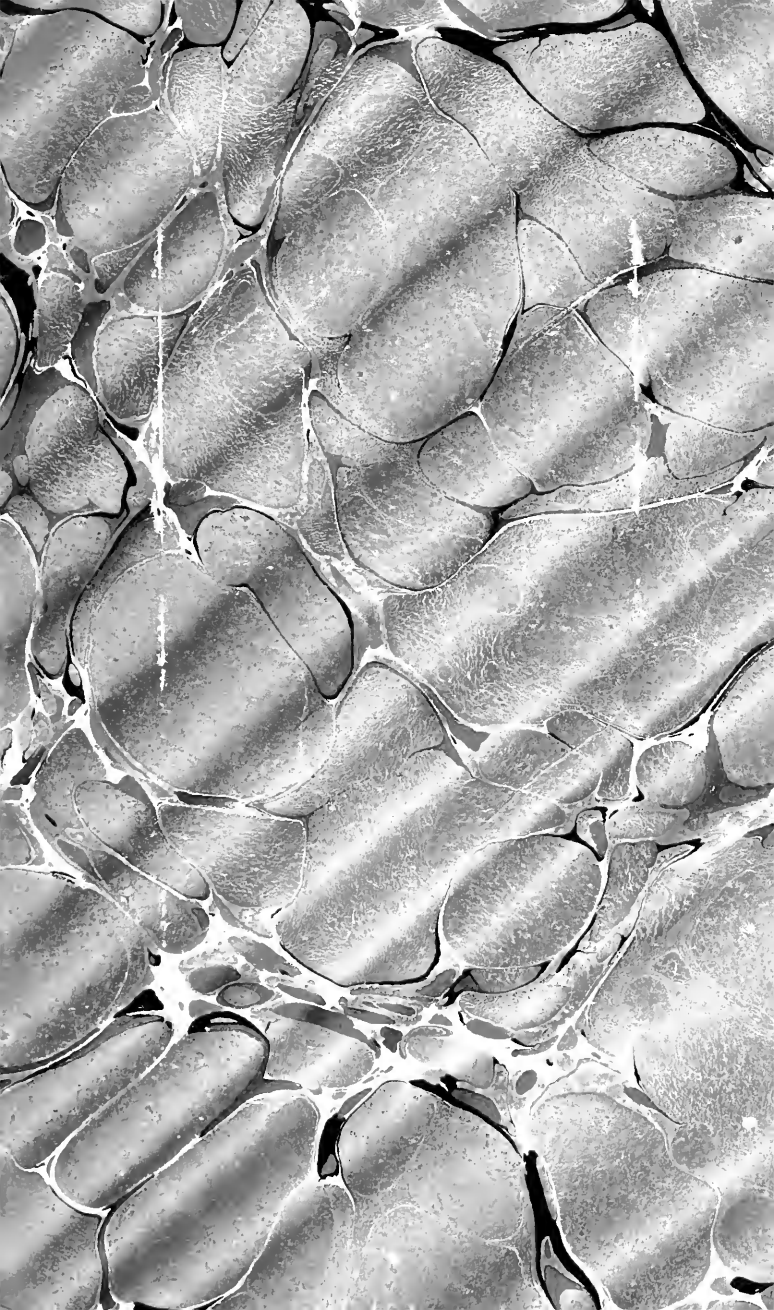
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POEMS

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS.

BY

LORD LINDSAY.

Crawford, Alexander

WIGAN :

J. BROWN, STANDISHGATE.

1838.

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DAVID.

A POEM.

“AND IT CAME TO PASS, WHEN THE EVIL SPIRIT FROM GOD WAS
UPON SAUL, THAT DAVID TOOK A HARP, AND PLAYED WITH HIS HAND;
SO SAUL WAS REFRESHED, AND WAS WELL, AND THE EVIL SPIRIT DE-
PARTED FROM HIM.”

1 SAM. XVI. 23.

DAVID.

BOOK I.

FATHER of all ! who from the heavens, thy throne,
Look'st down on empires and worlds infinite,
Rescued by thee from chaos, and bestowed,
Glorious and radiant, through immensity,—
Lord ! on whose sole dominion all depend,
The monarch and the slave,—God over all
From all eternity,—who heaven's high King
Ever hast been, nor e'er shalt cease to be,—
Who now art as of old, before worlds were,
When thou wert All thyself,—who still shalt stand
Ineffable, Supreme, when 'neath thy feet
Rage the devouring flames, and earth and heaven
Crash in one world of fire, and from the abyss
Groan forth the sighings of expiring nature,
Vanishing 'neath thy nod, and shrunk to nothing !
Teach me thy ways, oh Lord ! that when that hour
Of awful retribution shall men call
To reckon for their crimes, I may be found

In Christ my Saviour, blameless ! On that day
Shall all appear to the dread trumpet's sound,
A note of gladness to the good, a knell
Of misery to the wicked ; with that blast
Shall rush the tide of memory on their souls,
And all their crimes shall rise in thick array,
And stand against them, damning witnesses !
Grant me thy grace, oh Lord ! that I may run
My path of life in innocence, unstained
By crime or folly,—and should fortune change,
Should adverse winds distract my labouring course,
And hurry my frail bark afar from home,
Speak, and the storm shall cease,—then guide me back,
(If thou judg'st fit), to happiness.

Awake,

Oh Muse ! who lovest to stray by Siloa's stream
And Zion's holy precincts, and renew
The strain that erst was heard on Judah's hills,
When, summoned to attend proud Israel's King,
The shepherd-minstrel harped ; when, rich attuned
To solemn harmony, his lays rang forth
The great Creator's glory, swelling high,
And streaming on the air in liquid flow
Of melody,—then dying soft away,
Soft as his mercy. While the minstrel sung,
Was heard the stifled sob, was seen the tear
Of penitence and woe furrowing the cheek
Wasted with crime and care ;—cursing their sins,

Once loved but now abhorred, in sackcloth clad,
Weeping, they sought the long neglected shrine,
And sued for pardon from their outraged God.

Bright was the day of glory when the Lord
Dwelt with his people, cheered them on their way,
And led them to salvation ; but the sun,
E'en in his noontide splendour, oft retires
Obscured by clouds dark hurtling o'er the sky,
Teeming with storms and thunder ; and though at last,
The mists dispelled, his rays burst forth again
With tenfold lustre, yet awhile they are veiled,
And day seems night : so Israel's day of glory
Too oft was darkly overcast by clouds
Of stubborn doubt and wilfulness, and they wandered,
Bereft of guidance, blindly through the mist,
Cheered but by glimpses of the heavenly ray,
Now gleaming, now o'ershadowed ; but their God
Had not forgot them, the deep-volumed gloom
Rolled slow away, and the full tide of mercy
Streamed glowing on their souls ; they bowed the knee
And knew their God. Yet soon fresh clouds arose
Black on the horizon ; discontent was heard,
And murmurs deep.—They sought an earthly King,
Rejecting an Eternal.

In those days

A Seer arose, and ministered to the Lord,
His chosen servant, Samuel ; on his brow
Old age had set his seal, and o'er his temples

The silvered locks fell hoary as the snow
On wintry Salmon : age had not yet dimmed
The lustre of his eye, which, glancing wide,
Seemed all to penetrate and all survey,
Yet few could meet his gaze, for few there were
Virtuous and pure to bear its scrutiny.

Bright was the eve that fell on Gilgal's plain ;
The western hemisphere was far o'erspread
With golden radiance, and the waning sun
Shimmered afar with calm and steady glow
Deepening each moment ; every leaf was seen
To boast a richer hue,—the wind was hushed,
Nor fanned the clustering corn,—the distant clouds,
All flame, melting with living glory, hung
O'er the bright orb, drinking its beams of fire
And pillowing on the breeze.

Hast thou e'er stood, at midnight, on the craigs
That tower above the ocean, and o'erlooked
The boundless world of waters, stretching forth
Beneath thee, glistening with the stars of heaven
Deep-mirrored in the wave, while o'er the horizon
The summer lightnings wing their harmless way,
Like angels, on their pilgrimage of love,
Now passing out, now through, the gates of heaven ?
This thou hast viewed, and ocean's nightly queen*
Furrowing the dark blue waters with her track

* "Queene of the sey, and bewtie of the night."—Sir David Lindsay's
Dreme—(1528.)

Of hoary tremulous lustre,—thou hast heard
The distant billow thundering to the shore
With ocean's melody, then hast watched its course,
Maddening still onward 'gainst all obstacles,
Till bursting in one lengthened peal, 'twas gone
And all was silent, as if nature slept
By Cynthia guarded, and the ebb and flow
Of ocean were her breathings.—Soon once more
Woke that mysterious murmur, onward rolled
The crested billow proudly to its doom,
Dying in victory ; silence then awhile
Reigned on the shore, a momentary pause,
Breathless and deep as is an infant's slumber.

Such was the roar of voices that was heard
On Gilgal's plain, and such the breathless pause
That made each heart hear its own quickened throbs,
When Samuel rose to speak. High over all
He rose, and stretching forth his hand sublime,
While on his hoary locks and furrowed brow
The sun's last beams shone radiant, his voice
Broke forth in accents silvery and sweet,
Yet thrilling to the soul.

“ Children of Israel !

Sons (oh ! how changed !) of Abraham and the sires
Beloved of Him whose will ye now condemn,—
Children of Israel, hail ! I call ye all,
Each and together, here before the Lord
Witness against me,—whom have I oppressed ?

Whom have I wronged? whose ox is in my shed,
Whose ass is in my stable? Who can say
On me lies guiltless blood, the widow's curse,
Or drooping orphan's tear? Ye answer, none—
Then let my God and your God witness me
Guiltless of such transgressions.—Oh my children!
Would ye but hear me!—why thus tempt your God,
Your own, your fathers' Saviour, who of old
Brought ye from Egypt, quelled the Philistine,
And broke the horn of Moab, that ye dwelled
Safe in this place; he saved the sires, and now
Is his hand shortened that he cannot save
The children,—even though Ammon war against
The Highest, King of kings and Lord of lords,
Whom ye reject, oh faithless! and demand
An earthly king?—Have then your wish! Behold
Whom ye have chosen!—King of Israel, hail!—
If ye obey him, if ye fear the power
That gives him empire, honoured shall ye be,
Following your God; rebel—and, as of yore
Against the fathers, so against the seed,
God's hand shall be upon you.—Father, King,
God over all, Omnipotent! arise
And shew thy people whom it is they spurn;—
Let loose the tempests, ope the gates of heaven,
Wing forth the lightnings, bid thy thunders roll
And shake earth's centre, that they aright may know
Their wickedness how grievous in thy sight!"

Such was the Prophet's prayer, and o'er the sun
Dark clouds came gathering fast, the zephyrs sped
Home to their balmy caverns, and the blast,
Bursting its northern prison, pitiless swept
The lonely plain, with intermittent gust,
Bitter and chill, wailing as o'er the crimes
Of faithless Israel. Night her sable wings
Spread o'er the land, the thunders hoarser roared,
And by the lightnings' blaze, rending the heaven,
Were seen thick clouds hurrying athwart the sky,
Veiling bright Phœbus' orb behind a curtain
Of mirkest gloom; deep moaned the rushing wind,
Murmuring as the hoarse roar of many waters
Closing above the head.

The Almighty voice
Had spoken, and the elements combined
To obey the high behest;—He spoke again,
And Boreas winged his way to Scythia's shore,
And Zephyr hied him from the western main,
The clouds dispersed, the unnatural darkness fled,
And nature, robed in light, emerged from storm
All beauteous as before; the pearl-drops hung
On every leaf, glistening like maiden's tear
Shed for her absent lover;—while afar
Sank day's bright orb in a full sea of glory,
Fair Dian rose, as wooing him to stay,
Nor shun his sister's soft alluring beam,—
But vain her prayer! his last rays die away

And soft succeeds the sweet grey gloamin hour,
Season of rest and peace, when night as yet
Contends with day, spreading her mantle o'er
The weary world, while in the distant sky
Pale meteors play, and streams of sportive fire
Gush forth unceasingly, like angels' swords
Sheathed in the darkness, or their own bright forms
Through heaven's thin veil translucent, as they dart
On wings of gladness through infinity.

BOOK II.

WHENCE is that sound that dwelleth on the ear,
Constant and low, like thunder's distant strife,
While, ever and anon, the clash of steel
Mingles with groans of agony, and shrieks
Of mortal anguish? 'Tis the accursed din
Of war and carnage swelling on the breeze,
And Israel conquers, but her King is fallen,
Alas! how fallen, from his high dignity.

Pride is the bane of happiness, the blight
Of every blessing; pride was our first sin,
And, rooted once, will flourish on for ever.

Pride is the cypress-tree of life,—its home
The rocky cliff, secluded from man's ken
In Alpine solitude ; in summer's reign
Its branches, thick and clustering, deprive
The soil they shadow of the sun's warm ray,
And genial fosterage ; 'mid rude winter's havoc,
Wrapt in impenetrable gloom, they still
Frown o'er the vale, unbending to the storm,
Lonely, exposed to—welcoming each blast
However withering. Saul thus sinned in pride,
And pride repelled each thought of milder mood
His better angel whispered, till at last,
Summoned by God, he yielded up his place
To heaven's grim scourge, that satellite of sin,
The evil demon, who, when conscience dies,
Seizes its place, and makes man's heart his home.

A change came o'er Saul's spirit, and he seemed
To eye distempered visions of the brain,
Mockeries of life, and all but palpable,
In long procession gliding by his couch
As there he lay, motionless all and still—
Nor could he banish them. Still there past by
Interminably life's ever-shifting scenes,
Funeral, bridal feast, and holy rite,
Distinct and clear, one after other came
And gleamed and vanished 'mid unearthly gloom,
While, maddening, as he lay, he thought that each
Would prove the last ; his ancient friends long dead

Came in their shrouds, and sat them by his couch,
And held the converse of the dead, while Saul
Gazed spell-bound on their wasted visages,
And could nor move nor speak ; then they would leave
him,

And he would feel he died, and vainly strive
To stay the fleeting breath ; then by his bed
His servants seemed to sit, and watch his corpse,
And curse his memory ! then he was interred,
And felt himself an inmate of the grave,
But not its only tenant—for he found
The worms his bedfellows, and pillowed on
The dust of other mortals, while his eye-balls
Cracked as he glared on black vacuity,
Peopling the void with images of horror,
His mind's creation, thronging grimly on
And ever changing ; then he strove in vain
To uplift the massy cover of the tomb,
And cursed and howled despairingly, and shrunk
From contact with the loathsome things engendered
From his own heart's corruption, which o'erspread
His narrow home, feeding upon their parent ;—
And then this vision past, and he beheld
The fires of hell, hell's inmate, and he felt
The crackling flames circling his limbs with fire,
And blending with his being,—he breathed fire,
And saw with eyes of fire, while all around
Shrieks of unutterable woe arose,

And hissing serpents came and wound themselves
In flaming coils around him, and the sword
Of Agag hung suspended o'er his head,
Nor fell, because he wished it,—while the song
Of hell's glad fiends exulting in his doom
Thus rang their welcome to their victim's soul.

FIRE-SPIRITS' SONG.

SPIRITS of darkness, whom God in his ire
Drove headlong from heaven to the regions of fire,
Whose home is the thunder-cloud, from whose red eye
Glance the keen-arrowy lightnings that furrow the sky,
Who pillow on flame, yet who body have none,
In essence of fire self-existing alone,
Raise your glad voices, triumphantly sing,
Long we've waited thy coming, hail! Israel's great
King!

We strove for the victory, we fought and we won,
But thy doom was foreseen ere thy course was begun;
We gazed at thy star glowing red in the heaven,
But it darkened o'ercast by the wing of the raven,
And we knew that the clouds of destruction would come
To swathe that fair star in a death-shroud of gloom,
We knew it must wane when its last lingering stay,
God's pitying smile, should have faded away.

That star is now fallen ! o'er Jezreel's plain
One moment it hovered o'er heaps of the slain,
When Israel fell back, and the Philistine's sword
Was sheathed in the hearts of the sons of the Lord ;
Full on thee it glared as thou fled'st from the foe
Who pursued thee with chariot, with lance, and with
 bow,—
When it saw thy proud heart in death's last struggle
 quiver
It shot from the heaven and vanished for ever !

Thy star is now fallen, thy glory forgot,
Thy soul given to hell-fire, thy body to rot ;
A burning existence, quintessence of flame,
Is becoming for ever imbued with thy frame ;
Thine hour of repentance for ever hath fled,
Thy soul never dying—the worm never dead :—
Dashed on cataracts of fire down eternity's river,
Despair and self-hate be thy portion for ever !

Faded the song away ; its latest notes
Dwelt on his mind as but a tale of yore
Dimly remembered, or a face once known
Haunting the memory ; as it died away,
Flickered the flames with paler gleam and flash
Unsteady, while strange shapes appeared to flit
Half-seen, half-imaged, round his troubled couch ;
And still, as his reviving eye would scan

Each coming form, faint and more faint it grew,
Baffling his scrutiny ;—still as they past,
Shadows, vain unsubstantial and unreal,
They seemed to eye him, move their lips, and say
“ Farewell—we meet again.”

They're gone,—'t is night ;

The moon is shining, and the empyreal sky
Is bright with spheres innumerable,—as each
Were some dear sister's eye, who from the heaven
Looks down on earth expanded far below,
Where rests her brother, yet a slave of earth,
Wrapt up in sleep, while she keeps vigil o'er him ;—
What is so pure as is a sister's love ?—
And thou, fair moon, mild orb of happiness !
Fair as the land thou smilest on, then young
And beautiful, now blighted with the curse
Of Israel's disobedience, doomed to wither
Till sin shall cease to be,—how dear thine eye's
Meek confidence, that cheering us through pain
And sorrow, seems to invite us to a home
Of innocence and peace beyond the grave !
—Mild was that hour of rest, but Saul found none ;
His heart was poisoned, jealousy's keen barb
Rankled within. Oh ! had that heart been scanned,
What passions were revealed, contending all,
Each for the mastery, rendering life a curse,
And self a hell ; he sinned against his God,
And felt, still living, what were punishment

Meet for his crimes : what was to him the crown
Of Israel, when the aching brow it prest
Was furrowed, seared, and scorched by hell's fierce fires
Raging within him ? Conscience lent her pang,
But pride, indomitable pride, was there
To quench all softer feeling, and make up
His tale of misery ; night brought him no rest,—
Waking he eyed, as in the sage's mirror,
The visions of his life, and what that life
Would be hereafter,—he could read his brain,
And felt each individual artery beat
With pulse of fire upon it ; God had laid
His hand upon him, and the immortal touch
Had withered his existence,—yet he prayed not ;
The evil spirit dwelt with him,—the good
No longer tarried near, but fled to heaven.

BOOK III.

THERE was a youth in Israel passing fair,
Holy and pure, who loved the Lord his God,
And was beloved by him ; his look was high,
Not haughty, and his smile had that wherewith
Nations are governed ; o'er his ruddy brow
The golden locks hung waving, as the breeze

Fanned his young cheek, while in the pasture-fields
He watched his father's flock,—alone, if man
Can be alone where God is. Oft he sate
Adoring Him in nature, and awoke
The mountain echoes with his song of praise
Spontaneous to his Maker : Now no more
He treads the desert, communing with himself,
With nature, and with God : he sits before
His sovereign Saul, and harps the fiend away,
Whose presence is his curse ;—the grateful notes
Stream varied forth, now darting toward the heavens,
Now slumbering like fresh perfumes from the East,
Buoyantly on the breeze,—then roll the chords
With heavier sweep, as God's wrath lowering o'er
Crimes and their perpetrators,—next the scourge
Of heaven is felt, jarring through nature's frame,
Fire—famine—earthquake ; then, appeased, once more
Bursts forth the song in one clear mellow strain
Of praise and blessing, till the responsive heart
Bounds to the note that calls on Israel's God
By his own arm to achieve the victory.

Oh Music ! thou hast power to win the soul
From many sorrows ; while the soothing strains
Flow from the minstrel's lips, charming the air
With holiest harmony, Saul's hand forgets
To clench his sceptred spear,—his blood-shot eye
Relaxes of its glare,—the welling tear,
Unwonted guest, is seen to harbour there,—

Each muscle strained unbinds its tortured coil,
As the dark gloom his soul was shrouded in
Rolls, like night's mist, away, and light bursts o'er
His haggard visage, as he bends the knee
To adore that Being whom the harper sung.

DAVID'S SONG.

I.

YE Cherubim and Seraphim,
Who, an unnumbered throng,
Around God's throne prolong
The everlasting hymn !
Ours may it be, unworthy as yet to bear
Part in that heavenly song,
Its sweetest notes to hear,
Through the blue vault of night
Winging their airy flight,
As messengers of love from sphere to sphere,—
Now lost, now borne on Zephyr's pinion
Through the starry host's dominion,
Now floating on the air
Like summer gossamer.
Oh ! praise his name, great God and Lord,
By Dagon feared, by heaven adored,

Whose throne is heaven, and whose breath
Is the heavy muttering thunder,
Whose glance gives life or dooms to death,
Whose nod rends earth's deepest caves asunder,
Who rideth on the cloud,
And biddeth his lightnings play,
While earth dons her shroud,
And the tempests bluster loud,
And nature is bowed
To obey.
He wills the elements' crash
In earthquake's embraces jarring,
He points the scorpion-lash,
Brothers with brothers warring,
And, though fathers by sons be struck down in the
fight,
He sees not as mortals, but wills what is right !

II.

Hail to the holiest King !
Father of heaven and earth,
To whom we owe our birth !
Shadow us with thy mighty wing, —
And hear us raise a joyous strain,
Earth's gratitude to heaven,
For all the blessings and the joys
By thee to mortals given.

Thy love is boundless as thy power,
Thy mercy an unfading flower,
Of loveliest hue, that opens wide
Its balmy leaves on every side ;
Thou gavest us Hope, that heaven-born guest,
In-dweller of each earthly breast,
Whose pliant tendrils, like the vine,
With the heart's inmost strings entwine,
And cheer through scenes of toil and strife
That gift so prized, so cherished—Life ;—
Much hast thou given us, more remains
 Untasted yet, love's cup runs o'er,—
Thy Word shall burst the tyrant's chains,
 And sin and death shall rule no more !
I hear a voice sing sweet in heaven ! e'en now
 Thy Christ, our Saviour, bends his eye on earth ;
 An hour in heaven, and Angels at his birth
Shall write love's tidings on his spotless brow,—
A day—and, withering into nothing, all
 Shall vanish,—suns, moons, stars, like incense lost
 In ether ;—nor shall mind again to dust
Be linked, nor bonds of sin the enfranchised soul
 enthrall !
Ages must perish ere the woman's seed
Redeem the guilty, crush the serpent's head,
Ages, till crime's atoned for, man forgiven,
Count but as seconds in the life of heaven !

III.

Hear, while we bless thee, gracious Lord !
Our joy, our hope, our One adored !
Thanks for thy mercies ! heal the sin
That taints with pride our hearts within,
Disperse our foes, protect thy shrine,
And shield us with thine arm divine.
Let the Philistines' might dissolve away,
Like the mists of night in the morning ray,—
Let the joyous glance of the morrow's sun
Reveal what the will of the Lord hath done,
Let their arrows be broken, their bow-strings rent,
Let their sinews grow weak and their hearts wax faint,
To their idols of stone when the knee they bow,
Let death's chilly fingers cling round their brow,
And there before their Demon's shrine,
Let them feel life's current die away,
And count the throbbing pulse of Time,
Whose ebbing tide they cannot stay,—
There at the altar let them rot
Unwept, unsepulchred, and forgot.
Their swords shall be shivered, their spears shall be
riven,
For their foe is the Godhead, that rules earth and
heaven ;
He shall speak but the word, and the Philistines' might
Shall waver in counsel, turn recreant in fight,

In the midst of their boastings, when pride is most high,
They shall feel their nerves wither, their energies die ;
Their hosts shall be scattered, their princes shall flee,
Jehovah shall conquer and Israel be free !

BOOK IV.

FORTH sped the Bard ; once more he sang heaven's
praise

His native wilds among, then hung his harp
On the green bough, for Zephyr's wanton breath
To warble through its strings,—the flock forsook,
And sought the camp of Israel. On the gale,
Like glances spear-shot from a distant host
By rising sun, came rumours of high deeds
In Israel's warfare,—how the stripling's sling
God had directed,—how, their champion slain,
The Philistines, dispersed like mountain deer,
Had fled to Ekron's gates and Gath's proud towers,
Strewing their path with corpses. But his meed
Was Saul's ingratitude, which foully winged
The murderous lance at his defenceless breast,
Yet could not win his hatred, for his hand

Refused to war against the anointed King
Whose sceptre God had given him.

Years flew by,

Saul died, and Israel, to her shepherd-king
Obedient, dwelt in favour with her God,
And honoured by the nations.

Down life's vale

Sped David, hoary sire, more loved, more honoured
The nearer to the goal; his kingly brow
Was shadowed by spare locks of silvery white,
Like filigrain-work of frost on Hermon kissed
By earliest sunbeam; feebly now he reared
His stately form, like column without peer
O'er the still desert gleaming from afar,
Or ancient cedar, eldest-born and last
Of woods primeval, mourning in decay
His brethren fallen, and bending to the doom
Pronounced of God on mighty Lebanon.

Thus withered David outwardly,—within
Was no decay; all holiness, all peace,
All love dwelt there, with meek humility,
Love's gentle sister; God's own spirit dwelt
Within him, God himself his proper praise
Inspiring, whether in secret homage paid,
Or openly, when thousands flocked to hear
Israel's sweet Psalmist sing. With holiest light
Still glowed his eye, with holiest joy his heart,
Waiting God's time, as, on Goliath's sword

Leaning, he gazed—nor sighed to gaze—his last
On that fair sky, where lay his hopes of bliss
Assured in heavenly mercy.

Far beneath

Stretched forth a plain o'erspread with flocks and herds,
The wealth of Israel, offerings to her God ;
Spears were bright-glancing in the waning sun,
And banners waving o'er the warriors' tents,
Princes of Israel ; Israel's evening song,
The Father's praise, came struggling up the hill,
With swell unequal,—as the mystic wave,
Third-born, hurrying still on with hoarier form
And louder roar, outstrips its elder kin,
Then sleeps—till winged forth again to win
The self-same race, and perish in its pride.
—What cry was that rose thrilling on the air ?
A nation's shout of gladness ! David's eye
Gleamed brighter, as he heard his son proclaimed
Worthy the throne ; then rose the song of welcome,
Not, like the evening hymn, subdued and low,
Awe-struck before their Maker, but the breath
Of Israel's countless myriads, children, all
Uniting in one swell of harmony
Borne proudly heaven-ward by the billowy breeze,
As conscious of its burden.

Calm reposed

David, erst Israel's King, and, as the song
Sailed fitful past, now swelling on the gale,

Now lingering on the mountain's craggy steep,
He viewed in memory's mirror all his deeds
From his first victory to the passing hour ;—
His father's flock, Goliath's prostrate form,
Past slowly by, then Jonathan came near,
And locked his arms around him with a last
Parting embrace, and long last look of love,
While rose the burning tear he could not shed,
Salt, salt and bitter !—then he trod the plain,
And fierce pursued the recreant Philistine,
Quenching his grief with blood of Israel's foe :—
—But then the song of welcome changed to sorrow,
Lamenting him, who living had resigned
His kingly crown to Solomon ; they mourned
Their common sire, whom Father still they deemed,
Though King no more. As softly rose from earth
The grateful incense of its people's blessing,
David reclined, all motionless and still,
Listening the song ; he looked his joy to heaven,
Then gazed once more upon the living plain
Of Israel's hosts, his fellow-warriors all,
Whom Eve's light mists were veiling from his view ;
The tear that trembled in his glistening eye
Fell, but the ray that gilt its starry fringe
Sought vainly for another. He sank back,
His ear bent down to drink the dying song
Still quivering upwards ; with its latest swell
Rose the fair moon behind the mountain's brow,

And you might think that note so clear, so thrilling,
With her at length found rest : It past, and night
Shadowed the world,—but David was afar
Hymning his Saviour's majesty in heaven !

JAN.—FEB., 1831.

SCENES OF TRAVEL.

(Extracted, with the exception of the two first Stanzas, from a Poetical Journal, kept during a tour on the Continent, in 1829-30.

MOUNT PILATE.

HARSH o'er Pilatre's brow God's thunders roll,
 Keen flash his lightnings o'er the unfathomed wave
 Of Pilate's Lake, where raveth many a soul
 Of those who to God's holiest mission gave
 No credence,—he, whose voice to an earthly grave
 Doomed Christ incarnate, ruling o'er their hell;
 He hears their cries reechoing through the cave,
 And smiles in scorn, within his inmost cell
 Silently suffering pangs more keen than lips may tell.

Forth rides he yearly on the midnight wind
 In wayward flight, close followed by a train
 Of wailing spirits, whose shrill screams combined
 Out-howl the tempest's choir; o'er rock and plain
 They shriek discordance, as, with slackened rein,

Their cloudy steeds career upon the blast :

Then slow return they to their prison again,
Murmuring ; the portal closed, the dark hour past,
Home creeps the blighted swain, right soon to breathe
his last.*

* * * * *

Heaven's holiest blessings on thy patriot land,
Helvetia ! mother of thy William Tell,
And of the gallant heart-devoted band
That, daring to be men, crushed Gesler, fell
Remorseless tyrant ! whose sepulchral knell
Rang loud the peal that bade thy sons be free.
Restored sweet peace to every mountain-dell,
And won thee back thy long lost liberty,
That blessing dear to all, but doubly dear to thee !

* " Mount Pilate, famous for the dismal lake upon its summit. When the cloud, which is very apt to form over that dark unfathomed pool, instead of rising, remains attached to the surrounding rocks, a violent storm generally follows. In remote ages this water bore the name of *Mare Infernale*. The belief was, that Pontius Pilatus had drowned himself there after his crime,—thence the present name of the mountain."—SIMOND.

" Wagner, in his *Natural History of Switzerland*, speaks of thirty-five writers who have treated of the supernatural apparitions about the lake on Mount Pilatus."—Ibid.—Note.

" Le peuple credule ajoute que Pilate y apparait une fois tous les ans—mais que ceux qui l'ont vu meurent dans l'annee."—MORERI, *Dict. Hist. art. Fraemont ou Mount Pilate*.

To thee—and one fair land, that, like to thine,
Refused the yoke, and spurned the name of slave,
And still bids Fame her freshest laurels twine
To deck her Wallace's untimely grave ;
But other chiefs arose that land to save [right
When he was gone,—when Bruce for Scotland's
Marshalled by Bannock's burn her warriors brave,
And, bursting through the clouds of thralldom's night,
Sailed forth our Freedom's star, like thine, serenely
bright !

MOLA DI GAETA.

THERE is a ruined villa on the shore
That smiles on fair Gaeta and the sea
Murmuring melodious music, as of yore
When Rome was yet the throne of Liberty !
There is a tower conspicuous o'er the lea,
Rising 'mid orange-bowers, where, as we roam,
The lizard rustleth by, with fearless glee,
O'er arches hoary with eternal foam—
That tower guards Tully's dust, these ruins were his
home !

Here, through these groves where now his ashes rest,
Oft would he rove at eventide, to behold

Day's parting smile stream o'er the sunny West,
Lighting broad ocean as a sheet of gold
Of nature's book by nature's God unrolled ;
Till, softly fading, the last crimson ray
Died on the hill, where erst the warriors bold
Of Troy's last chieftain lingered on their way,
To grey Caieta's shade funereal rites to pay,

Oft would he linger here in solitude,
To meditate on nature and mankind,
Works of one Cause mysterious, understood
But dimly, till God's light o'er darkness shined,
And Truth came down from heaven to lead the
blind :
Christ though he knew not, oft, at evening hour,
Truth's dawning rays flashed cheering o'er his
mind ;
And when fair Dian shed her evening shower
Of melancholy light upon the citron bower,—

And, bright and pure, reappeared the stars in heaven,
Pure—as if each were riven in heaven's blue veil,
God's holiest light escaping at each pore
In golden gleams of promise to mankind,—
Then would his thoughts to those high regions soar
In contemplation, seeking there to wander
'Mong those bright spheres, throughout infinity.
Here too he fell by the assassin's steel,

E'en on the shore he loved, and near the bower
 Where he so oft held converse with a few
 Dear chosen friends, and moralized on man,
 Youth, friendship, age, God, and eternity !

NAPLES.

HAIL to thee, Naples, fairest of the fair !
 Thou second Helen, long contended for
 By hostile monarchs, who could scantily bear
 To view a rival till thy favoured shore,
 But rather chose to dye it with their gore [blade
 Than yield thee—what though now the conqueror's
 Be rusted, and the clarion tune no more
 War's thrilling summons, 'neath the olive's shade
 Happier thy sons recline, in noontide slumber laid.

Far o'er thy classic hills, in lustre sheen,
 Mellow and rich, Sol's dying glances stream
 Dark-ivied rocks and vine-wreathed bowers between,
 Bowers such as bards in vision exstatic deem
 Meet shrine for beauty's worship ; but the gleam
 Of distant ages showed thy bosom rent
 By discord's dagger—a hell where ruled supreme
 War and his satellites, where'er they went [bent.
 Wielding rude rapine's scourge, on murderous outrage

But now their hour's past by, and peace once more
Restores her blessings and resumes her reign ;
The vine and olive blossom on thy shore
In rich luxuriance, and the yellow grain
Waves on thy hills, where many a holy fane
Glow to the setting orb, as in the West
I watch his last rays greet the expectant main
With love's mute welcome, pillowed on her breast
Stream forth their brightest beam, then loveliest sink
to rest.

They're gone, but still, like good men's memory,
light,
As fain to linger, broodeth o'er the sky,
Melting each shade to one less richly bright
In due gradation, blending, as they die,
Their roseate tints in Eve's grey harmony :
They fade, and night's dark mantle veils the heaven,
Peopled with spheres all glorious, from on high
Shimmering, like hope's blest rays to mortals given
To comfort e'en the heart by bitterest anguish riven.

And there they shine for ever, until the power
That gave shall quench their glory ; calm and
mild
They watch the peasant slumbering in his bower,
They watch the mother bending o'er her child,
His light repose by dreams of bliss beguiled ;

They watch the world, expanded far below,
Lit by the moon's pale crescent, which hath
smiled

O'er many a generation, whose sons now
Must soon pay mother earth the debt of dust we owe,

Must soon be swept away, nor leave a trace

To tell of our existence ; but the wand

Of desolating time cannot efface

The charms of nature, though the gory hand

Of man, warring against his God's command

"Love as thyself thy neighbour,"—all the power

Creation's lord can boast of, vainly fanned

By hopes as vain,—must at the destined hour

Sink at its touch to dust, to spring and bloom no
more.

Calm is the night, and silent save the tide's

Recurring murmur ; calm composed and still

Sleeps nature, as the guiltless, who abides

Death on the morrow, slumbers ; on the hill

The fireflies weave their mazes, and distil

Their sweets a thousand flowers,—between the trees

Gleams, like a shower of stars, the distant rill,

Clear as the dews of Castalie,—the breeze

Wafts odours past, and all is holiness and peace.

Bright sleeps the moon on Capri's rocky wave,
And Tasso's own Sorrento,* while a stream
Of tremulous glory gilds the tides that lave
The shores of Pausilippo, where the dream
Of beauty, faultless beauty, yet may seem
In nature realized ;—while oft afar
Flashes o'er heaven Vesuvius' lurid beam,
And seraph-voices, winged from star to star,
Proclaim, "Peace, sons of dust ! or watch the elements'
war."

* "About two years after the completion of the 'Jerusalem Delivered'—when all Europe rung with the poet's fame, Tasso fled from the court of Ferrara, in a fit of distraction.—He fled, to hide himself and his sorrows in the arms of his sister Cornelia. The brother and sister had not met since their childish years ; and Tasso, wild with misery, forlorn, and penitent, knew not what reception he was to meet with. When arrived within a league of his birth place, Sorrento, he changed clothes with a shepherd, and in this disguise appeared before his sister, as one sent with tidings of her brother's misfortunes. Cornelia, who appears to have inherited with the personal beauty, the sensibility and strong domestic affections of her mother, Portia, was so violently agitated by the eloquence of the feigned messenger, that she fainted away ; and Tasso was obliged to hasten the denouement by discovering himself. In the same moment he was clasped in her affectionate arms, and bathed with her tears.

"How often, when I have stood on my balcony at Naples, have I looked towards the white buildings of Sorrento, glittering afar upon the distant promontory, and thought upon this scene ! and felt, how that which is already surpassingly beautiful to the eye, may be hallowed to the imagination by such remembrances as these."—*Lives of the Poets*, v. i. p. 325.

ENTERPRISE.

SPIRIT of Enterprise ! through good and ill
 Life's ruling principle subsisting still !
 Pulse of the soul ! that throbbs't with eagerest fire
 When least our fortune speeds our heart's desire,
 What though no temples boast their incense thine,
 I own thee Goddess—each man's heart's thy shrine !

Thine are the ennobling energies that bend
 All powers, all passions, to one loftiest end—
 Goal of our thoughts, whose scattered rays unite
 In one keen focus, most intensely bright,
 The star of bliss Hope shows her votary through
 Each airy vista she presents his view,
 Whose brightening aspect still the pilgrim cheers,
 His goal approaching through the vale of years,
 And, life's blest beacon flashing far and free,
 Guides him to joy or lures to misery.

What is there mortals shrink from ? who can find
 Fetters sufficient to constrain the mind ?
 Who, but a God, shall curb man's spirit's soar,
 And say, " thus far thou go'st, not one step more " ?
 Is there a goal that none as yet have gained,
 Is there a mark no shaft hath yet attained,

Though million shafts have sought that mark in vain,
Fresh archers ever crowd the weary plain.
Far o'er the waste, within the gorgeous shrine
Which glory's eager courtiers deem divine,
Their common beacon blazes, with a light
Clear but delusive flashing through the night ;
All seek—none ever reached it but confessed
The boon they sought a bauble when possessed !
Vanity, all is vanity ! yet who
Ever believed it till he found it true ?
On, ever on, like bubbles on the river,
The votaries press, and will press on for ever.
Here view the statesman, wreathed with specious smiles,
Weaving a cobweb net of treacherous wiles,—
There see the expiring warrior on the field
Spurn proffered mercy, and disdain to yield,—
There see the adventurous seaman spread the sail,
And brave triumphantly the northern gale,
Reckless of winter's adamantine chain
Woo the bright horrors of the Arctic main,
Strive solid waves of crystal to pierce through,
And teach Kamtschatka's sons what Man can do :
'Tis all for glory !—Glory's beams impart
Promethean flames to man's awakening heart,
Light the bold mariner o'er ocean's wave,
Marshal the warrior to a conqueror's grave,
Inspire with song sublime the poet's lyre,
Clothe each high thought with kindred garb of fire,

And bid him with exulting voice proclaim
A Tell's, a Wallace', a Kosciusko's name,—
Those noblest sons of glory who alone
Strove not for glory or a victor's throne !

MARCH, 1831.

CLEOPATRA.

WHEN man first marked, by rude Phœnicia's coast,
The forest's pride on ocean's billow tost,
Yet, like life's energies, by nought subdued,
Nor crushed nor lost beneath the insatiate flood,—
When first he dared the caverned shell to guide
By untaught science o'er the yielding tide,—
How little deemed he that his bark improved
Would waft the lover and the fair he loved,
Would, trimmed with cordage and the Tyrian sail,
Skim o'er the deep, rejoicing in the gale,
While Nereids fair would quit their coral reign,
And raise their pearl-bound tresses o'er the main,
To list love's music hovering o'er the sea
In undulating flow of melody !

Sweep, Cleopatra ! o'er the limpid wave,
And lure thy victim to his early grave ;

Thy notes of joy shall soon be hushed in woe,
Thy tears shall spring, but never cease to flow !
Glide proudly on, thy lover at thy side,
In all the splendour of an Eastern bride,
Thy maidens near to deck thy flowing hair,
Thy songs to praise, thy sports, thy smiles to share,—
Thou little think'st the flowers that gaily bloom
Wreathed with thy locks—will soon bestrew thy tomb !
The breeze that fans thee—heralds misery's blast,
The song thou breath'st—thy sweetest—is thy last !
Sail on, fair Queen ! the joyous waves among,
Skim o'er the deep—thy course will not be long !
Live for to-day, enjoy the present hour,
Nor heed the approaching cloud, the passing shower,
Fill high the rose-girt bowl with Samian wine,
And deem thyself, and all thou wilt, divine,—
Speed to thy doom ! thine hour of shame is near,
Thy home shall be the tomb, thy bed the bier,
No honoured cypress o'er thy dust shall wave,
Living—no home shall own thee but the grave !
Thy pride shall vanish with thy fortune's day,
Thy last hopes melt like frost in morning's ray,
While Ocean's daughters, blushing for thy shame,
Weep tears of amber o'er thy blighted name !

MARCH, 1831.

QUID NON ?

— “ Venient annis
 Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
 Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
 Pateat tellus, Tethysque novos
 Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
 Ultima Thule.”

SENEC. MEDEA. VSS. 374 sqq.

“ A day may dawn
 On Time's old age, when Ocean shall unloose
 The chains of nature, Earth unveil her breast,
 Tethys disclose new worlds, nor Thule's cliffs
 Earth's bound be longer deemed.”

Lo ! where Columbus, o'er Hesperia's main,
 A new world's realm reveals to thankless Spain ;*
 Lightnings may gleam, and angry thunders roll,
 They cannot shake, they cannot daunt his soul ;
 Onward he speeds, by inward faith possest,
 Beyond the long-lost islands of the blest,

* “ Por Castilla y por Leon
 Nuevo mundo hallo Colon ! ”
Columbus' Epitaph at Seville.

Gains the long-promised goal, and hails the strand
A lovely captive to his children's land.
There bloom, in summer's garb, spontaneous flowers,
And garland vines, enwreathing beauty's bowers,
The wild birds' song, escaping from the trees,
Floats, like a perfume, on the evening breeze—
Skies brighter far than ever limner drew,
Fountains more clear, and fruits of sunnier hue
Than blush and ripen, autumn's yearly pride,
Where Guadalaviar rolls his azure tide—
Well might the weary wanderer greet the shore,
Call it his home, and tempt the seas no more !

And where were Britain's children slumbering then ?
Her voice of thunder roused them ! every glen
Poured its spring-tide of bold adventurers forth,
Keen to explore the marvels of the North ;
And gallant captains, many a future year,
Names still to chivalry's pure memory dear*—
Followed their track, in quest of worlds unseen,
Vassals predestined to their Island-Queen ;
And more shall follow : On, brave spirits, on !
Think on the gallant names your fathers won !
Dare and do nobly !—weave fresh chaplets, Fame !
'T was God that kindled—who shall quench the flame ?

Then let the Spaniard boast his golden shore,
His diamond caves, his mines of Indian ore,

* Vide Note ad finem.

His flowery vales, his fruits of amber hue—
England can boast her ocean-wanderers too,—
Flowers ever radiant, jewels ever bright,
Unbought by blood, yet hers by conquest's right,—
A world as fair as that Columbus won,
Which yet ne'er cost a British sire a son!

The world of ice, where Zephyr's genial breath,
As soon as born, expires congealed in death,—
—Who would impeach the beauty freely given
To every scene created under heaven,
Could *we* but see as *God* did, when he viewed
All He had made, and saw that it was good?
He willed those realms of ice to be—they were;
He willed them beauty—we behold it there;—
Beauty—though many an age unseen by eye
Save His—the Watcher through eternity,—
Beauty—for man, 't was thus decreed, should come,
In distant ages, from his English home,
Uplift the veil which screened that northern shore,
Reveal his Maker's work, proclaim it, and adore!

Beyond that shore, within that icy screen,
What tongue may speak, what pencil paint the scene?
No summer floweret blossoms in the wild,
Or blooms matured, boon nature's desert child,
But flowers, by hoar-frost's wintry pencil traced,
With blades of mimic verdure interlaced,
Replace the blossoms of a milder sky,
Nor e'er, like summer's minions, droop or die.

—Crowned with bright winter's wreath, the iceberg
glows,

A frost-bound Iris, blushing like the rose,
Shooting her airy pinnacles to heaven,
In thousand spires fantastically riven,
Whence, like the charger through the battle dashing,
The sunbeams glance in silvery lightnings flashing,
Mocking the dewy rainbow's richest hue,
A stream of beauty, never lost to view,—
Where gleams Time's hoary beard, the icicle,
Like hermit's lamp, within its dusky cell,—
While all around one, all above—below—
Is clad in virgin white, a robe of snow,
With diamonds sparkling, nature's jewels rare,
Meet ornaments for one so purely fair ;
And Sol lights up each crystal minaret
With filigrain frost and ice-cut jewels set,
Which, varying, now are bathed in emerald green,
Now emulate the sapphire's radiance sheen,
Now, orange-like, glow rich with golden dye,
Now blend harmonious with the empurpled sky.
Then when eve's shadows fall, the moon afar
Chases her brother's fast-retiring car
Round the horizon ; bright the Aurora gleams,
Now here—now there—shifting like childhood's
dreams,
O'er the star-studded vault in beauty flushing,
As at the unwonted gaze of mortals blushing ;

While the pure snow, suffused with Cynthia's rays,
 A robe of gold, its valley-folds displays,
 And, blending with the heavens' unsullied blue,
 Tinges the vault with hope's fond emerald hue ;
 And, far on night's horizon, towers of snow
 Gleam, ever radiant, o'er the abyss below,—
 Where hoary winter, shunning nature's mirth,
 Hath reigned secluded since creation's birth,
 And, rearing proud on high his dazzling throne,
 Looks down on snow-clad empires all his own.*

MARCH, 1831.

* ICEBERGS.—“It is hardly possible to imagine anything more exquisite than the variety of tints which these icebergs display ; by night, as well as by day, they glitter with a vividness of colour beyond the power of art to represent. While the white portions have the brilliancy of silver, their colours are as varied and splendid as those of the rainbow, their ever-changing disposition producing effects as singular as they are novel and interesting.”—*Ross's First Expedition*, p. 30.

— “The atmosphere was extremely clear, and all distant objects seemed wonderfully raised by refraction. The sun, passing in azimuth, seemed to delineate them on the horizon in a distinct and beautiful manner ; the reflections of light on the icebergs were peculiarly splendid, the emerald, sapphire, and orange being the prevailing colours.”—p. 100.

— “We now discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting, being apparently stained, or covered, by some substance which gave it a deep crimson colour.”—p. 138.

— “While the moon was in sight, she had the appearance of following the sun round the horizon, and while these bodies were passing in azimuth along the tops of the mountains, the snow which covered them, and which had naturally a yellow tinge, had then the lustre of gold, and the reflection of these upon the sky produced a green tint so delicately beautiful as to

NOTE.

"Names still to chivalry's pure memory dear," &c.

I will mention one only of these noble gentlemen, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the "father of Western plantation,"—and the author of a very curious little "Discourse of a Discoverie for a new Passage to Cataia"—"imprinted at London by Henry Middleton, Anno Domini, 1576. Aprilis 12,"—with the characteristic mottos on the title and on the verso of the last page—

"Quid non?"—

"Quicquid fieri potest, turpiter desperatur."

"He was an excellent hydrographer," says Prince, "and no less skilful mathematician; of an high and daring spirit, though not

surpass all description. On the other hand, the rays of the sun, darting over the tops of the mountains, came in contact with the icebergs, which appeared like as many edifices of silver, adorned with precious stones of every variety."—p. 144.

AURORA BOREALIS —"The varied aerial scenery displayed by these lights has frequently a very imposing effect. Sometimes nearly the whole of the blue sky appears like one vast dome of burnished gold, which, however, is presently transformed, with lightning rapidity, into a diversified assemblage of fantastic or formidable shapes, sometimes presenting to the astonished beholder the appearance of a glorious amphitheatre, splendidly fitted out with dazzling furniture, and decked in all the colours of the rainbow. This fire-built structure, however, does not last for many seconds. All its parts soon acquire a tremulous motion, and afterwards the rays cross and intermix with inconceivable velocity, dancing sportively through the heavens, with a constant interchange of colouring, and in the most amusing variety of forms, till the approach of the sun closes the wonderful exhibition."—*Crantz's Description of Greenland*. Note iv. (Ed. 1820.)

equally favoured of fortune; yet the large volume of his virtues may be read in his noble enterprises; the great design whereof was to discover the remote countries of America, and to bring off those salvages from their diabolical superstitions, to the embracing of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Christ; for which his zeal deserves an eternal remembrance."

Sir Humphrey was lost on his return to England from a disastrous voyage of discovery, in 1583. "His little frigate, as she is called," says Sir John Barrow, "a miserable bark of ten tons, is described as being wholly unfit to proceed on such a voyage, and when he was intreated not to venture in her, but take his passage in the *Golden Hind*, this brave man replied, 'I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'"

After having passed the Azores on "Monday, the 9th of September, in the afternoon," says Captain Hayes, who commanded the *Golden Hind*, "the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves; yet at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind*, (so oft as we did approach within hearing,) 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being a head of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof, as it were, in a moment, we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried, 'the General was cast away'! which was too true."

"Thus perished," adds Sir John, with the simplicity of the olden day, "this brave and adventurous gentleman."

An animated portrait of Sir Gilbert, inscribed with his own emphatic motto, "*Quid non?*" may be found at page 65 of Holland's *Heroologia*.

I subjoin part of the proem to Mr. Hayes' narrative,* not only as a specimen of fine old Elizabethan English, but of that animating acknowledgment of God's special providence in influencing the destinies of nations no less than the fortunes of individuals, which forms so beautiful a trait in the character of that glorious age, and nowhere, I may add, shines more purely than in the introduction prefixed to his immortal history by Sir Walter Raleigh—Sir Humphrey Gilbert's brother-in-law—"Par nobile fratrum"!

"The first discovery of these coasts (never heard of before), was well begun by John Cabot the father, and Sebastian his son, an Englishman born, who were the first finders out of all that great tract of land, stretching from the Cape of Florida unto those Islands which we now call Newfoundland; all which they brought and annexed unto the crown of England. Since when, if with like diligence the search of inland countries had been followed, as the discovery upon the coasts and out-parts thereof was performed by those two men,—no doubt, her Majesty's territories and revenue had been mightily enlarged and advanced by this day; and, which is more, the seed of Christian religion had been sowed among those Pagans, which, by this time, might have brought forth a most plentiful harvest, and copious congregation, of Christians,—which must be the chief intent of such as shall make any attempt that way, or else, whatsoever is builded upon other foundation shall never obtain happy success nor continuance.

"And although we cannot precisely judge, (which only belongeth to God), what have been the humours of men stirred up to great attempts of discovering and planting in those remote countries, yet the events do shew that, either God's grace hath not been chiefly preferred by them, or else God hath not permitted so abundant grace, as the light of his word and knowledge of him, to be revealed unto those infidels before the appointed time.

* See Hakluyt, vol. 3, p. 184. (Ed. 1810.)

“ But most assuredly, the only cause of religion hitherto hath kept back, and will also bring forward at the time assigned by God, an effectual and complete discovery and possession by Christians, both of those ample countries, and of the riches within them hitherto concealed; whereof, notwithstanding, God, in his wisdom, hath permitted to be revealed, from time to time, a certain obscure and misty knowledge, by little and little to allure the minds of men that way, (which else will be dull enough in the zeal of his cause), and thereby to prepare us unto a readiness for the execution of his will against the time ordained of calling those Pagans unto Christianity.

“ In the meanwhile, it behoveth every man of great calling, in whom is any instinct of inclination unto this attempt, to examine his own motions, which, if the same proceed of ambition or avarice, he may assure himself it cometh not of God, and therefore cannot have confidence of God's protection and assistance against the violence, (else irresistible) both of sea and infinite perils upon the land; whom God yet may use an instrument to further his cause and glory some way, but not to build upon so bad a foundation.

“ Otherwise, if his motives be derived from a virtuous and heroic mind, preferring chiefly the honour of God,—compassion of poor infidels captived by the devil tyrannising in most wonderful and dreadful manner over their bodies and souls,—advancement of his honest and well-disposed countrymen, willing to accompany him in such honourable actions,—relief of sundry people within this realm distressed—all these be honourable purposes, imitating the nature of the munificent God, wherewith he is well pleased, who will assist such an actor beyond the expectation of man. And the same, who feeleth this inclination in himself, by all likelihood may hope, or rather confidently repose in the preordination of God, that in this last age of the world, (or likely never), the time is complete of receiving also these Gentiles into his mercy, and that God will raise

him an instrument to effect the same;—it seeming probable, by event of precedent attempts made by the Spaniards and French sundry times, that, the countries lying North of Florida, God hath reserved the same to be reduced unto Christian civility by the English nation."

A memorable passage, as worthy of deep reflection in the present day, as in that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

A SKETCH.

I HAVE thriddled many a cell
 Of dead monks' dust the receptacle,
 Where, on either side, dry crumbling bones
 Form avenues of skeletons,
 Robed as in life—and dim descried,
 Standing or kneeling side by side,
 Motionless as when they died !
 Many a sire bent low with age
 Ponders o'er a ne'er-turned page,
 But the cowl covers nought save a fleshless scull,
 And the eyes are two caverns dark and dull,
 The soul that once fired them for ever fled,
 The tears that once dimmed them for ever shed ;—
 The torches, that light us our lonely way,
 Are of bones strung together, worm-eaten and gray,
 And the partial flame throws dubious light
 On tokens ne'er meant for living sight,
 The relics grudged a nameless grave ;
 The monks' dark garments seem to wave
 As we brush them by, and shudder to see
 Those orbs lowering down so fearfully.
 The very soil on which we tread
 Is—what we shall be—the dust of the dead !

2 MARCH, 1831.

THE GATHERING TO THE SLAUGHTER.

Partly suggested by the "Twa Corbies," an ancient Scottish Ballad, (Minstrelsy of the Border, vol. i. p. 216), and partly by Ben Jonson's "Gathering of the Witches," in the Masque of Queens. (Works, vol. 7. p. 127. Gifford's Ed.)

"WHERE hast thou been, thou Vulture, say?"—
 —"Hovering o'er the battle-fray;"—
 —"What cheer when murder's work was o'er?"—
 —"Warriors weltering in their gore;
 Some were living, and some were dead,
 I lighted me on a chieftain's head,
 I tore his face—I picked his e'en,
 And drank of his warm red blood between;
 But his daughter came a moonlight raid
 To seek her father among the dead,—
 The body yet warm, and the blood-stream hot,
 She turned him o'er, and she knew him not!"

"Saw ye my comrade the Corbie there?"
 —"He was sitting by a maiden fair,
 Sitting on her true love's breast
 Whetting his beak while he sank to rest;—

The maiden strove but could not move,
 Nor scare him from her dying love,—
 He supped the blood from his wounds that fell,
 While his hoarse croak rang the warrior's knell;
 She glared in his e'e, his keen black e'e,
 She could no more, but he would not flee,—
 He crept to her heart,—she let him feast,
 That he might not gorge on her lover's breast!"

"Thou art late, Sir Vampire! whence to-night?"
 —"From the victor chief and his lady bright;
 The battle was fought, the battle was won,
 The chief hurried home when the strife was done;
 He was welcomed by sister, by sire, by mother,
 By wedded bride—and by yet another!
 —I sucked his blood, I sucked her gore,
 Fanning them with my pinions o'er,
 Sweet dreams o'er each in fancy stole
 As past away the unconscious soul,—
 Each heart waxed heavy, cold each breast,
 Silently—softly they sank to rest."

7 MAY, 1831.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN, IN CARTHON.

"O ! thusa fein a shiubh'las shuas," &c.

OH thou most glorious pilgrim of the sky,
 Round as the full-orbed targe that heroes wield !
 Whence is thy splendour without frown, thy light
 Immortal ?—When thou com'st, clothed with thy robe,
 Thy dazzling robe of peerless majesty,
 The stars their journey veil from us,—the moon,
 Darkling, yields up her empire of the heaven,
 And 'neath the Western wave retires to rest.
 Thou art alone, companionless thy course,
 Who could endure thy presence ?—from the craig
 Downward shall crash the oak, old age shall mine
 The warrior's cairn, the scaur shall crumble away,
 Ocean shall ebb and flow, the moon shall hide
 Her orb eclipsed, but Thou alone for ever
 Victorious reign'st, unrivalled, in the joy
 Perpetual of thy light ! When round the world
 Darkens the storm, with thunder's hissing crash
 And lightning's glare, thou lookest from the roar

Clad in thy robe of beauty, with a smile
Stillling the war of elements. But me
Thy glory cheers not, veiled mine eyes and dark,
Joyless and dim ; I cannot see thy ray,
Thy locks of gold dishevelled on the face
Of Eastern clouds streaming athwart the heaven,
Nor when thou tremblest at thy dusky goal
On the still bosom of the Western main !
Yet thou must be as I am,—though awhile
Youthful and strong, thou wilt at last become
Useless like me ; e'en now with fleeter steps
Our years declining hurry to their goal.
Then be thou joyful, monarch of the sky !
Fresh in thy youth ; old age is lonely, sad,
And cheerless as the moon's dim ray through clouds
Struggling, while grey mist hovers on the cairn,
And shrill the North-wind whistles o'er the plain
Where toils the traveller doubtfully and slow.

JUNE, 1831.

NOTE.

“The Address to the Sun in Carthor having been supposed by some of the opposers of the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, to be a forgery of Mr. MacPherson's, in imitation of the Address to the Sun in Milton, it may be proper, in addition to the evidence already

adduced of its having been translated from the Gaelic original, to mention a fact which corroborates his testimony, and must remove the most sceptical doubts on this head. The Rev. Mr. MacDiarmid, minister of Weem, in Perthshire, transmitted to the Committee of the Highland Society at Edinburgh, an original copy of Ossian's Address to the Sun in Carthon, with a translation by himself. A copy of the original Mr. MacDiarmid got, about thirty-five years ago, from an old man in Glenlyon, who learnt to recite it with other ancient poems in his youth."—*Ossian's Poems*—(*Gaelic and Latin*)—*Highland Society's Edition*, vol. 3, p. 475.

"I ought, I believe, to notice, that MacLeod and Mr. Suter have both heard a tacksman of MacLeod's, called Grant, recite the celebrated Address to the Sun; and another person, whom they named, repeat the description of Cuchullin's car."—*Sir W. Scott's Journal; Life*, vol. 3, p. 230.



ILIAD. BOOK I. vss. 1. 36.

ATTEMPTED IN

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

SING, O Muse! Daughter of heaven! the wrath of
 Achilles,
 Deadly and deep,—that a thousand woes entailed on
 Achaia,
 Many a hero's shade untimely devoting to Hades,
 Many a corpse to the dogs, their prey—to the vulture
 and eagle;
 (Such Jove's will!) from the time when in anger first
 stood asunder
 Atreus' offspring, King of Men, and godlike Achilles.
 Which of the Gods, then, aroused their strife, to war
 with each other?
 Jove's and Latona's son; for he, enraged at Atrides,
 Shed o'er the camp a deadly disease, and the warriors
 perished,
 For that their King had dishonoured Chryses, Priest of
 Apollo,
 When, to redeem his daughter, he came to the ships of
 Achaia.
 Wealth untold he bore, and the crown of the archer
 Apollo

Held in his hands on a golden wand, while thus to the
people
Prayed he—thus to their leaders twain, the warlike
Atridæ.

“Atreus’ sons! and ye in your panoply, sons of
Achaia!

Yours may it be—the boon of the Gods that dwell on
Olympus,
Home, this city of Priam destroyed, to return in glory;
Yours—, but mine—oh! take this ransom, and give me
my daughter,
Give her, honouring the son of Jove, far-darting
Apollo!”

Then, with applause, all the rest agreed to accept of
the ransom,
Honouring the Priest; but it did not please Agamem-
non Atrides,—
Rudely he sent him away, and added threats in his
anger.

“Heed thee, old man! let me not find thee here
’mong the hollow vessels
Loitering now, nor again (forget not!) hereafter
returning,
Let the sceptre avail thee nought, nor the wreath of
Apollo.

Her I will *not* release till age overtake her, an exile,
Plying the loom, and sharing my bed, a dweller in
Argos.

Go—cross me not! go, I say, while thou mayest in
safety!”

Thus he spoke, and the old man feared and obeyed
the commandment.

Silently sped he along the shore of the boisterous
ocean,

Far from the throng, then many a prayer poured forth
to Apollo,

Child of the fair-haired nymph Latona—kingly Apollo!

ILIAD. BOOK VIII. AD FINEM.

“As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,” &c —POPE.

THEY on the field of war, exulting in thought of the
morrow,

Sat all night, and many fires were burning among them.

As when the stars round the moon all-glorious glitter
in heaven,

While the breeze is hushed, and every peak of the
mountain,

Craig and grove, stands forth revealed, and the mea-
sureless ether

Cleaveth above, and *all* the stars are seen, and the
 shepherd
 Joys in his heart,—so many in number the fires of the
 Trojans
 Glittered in front of Troy, between the ships and the
 Xanthus.

NOTE.

Rich, melodious, and strongly accentuated as our language is, I never could understand how a measure so peculiarly adapted to display its powers as the Grecian Hexameter, could have been deemed unsuitable to its genius. Many attempts have been made to naturalize it; hitherto, I acknowledge, without success: I *think* I can account for the failure; I *think* I can suggest some general rules, the observance of which will ensure success in future.

I need only quote Dr. Southey's beautiful line,

“Fade like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth is departed,”—

or Mr. Coleridge's distich of unequalled melody,

“In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
 In the pentameter aye falling in melody back,”—

or the war-cry of Antar,

“Oh by Abs! oh by Adnan! I am ever the lover of Ibla!”—

or that most magnificent line in the 14th chap. of Isaiah,

“How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!”*

* Like Livy in his History, Bishop Lowth, in his splendid translation of Isaiah, has repeatedly run into Hexameters. The line above quoted from the common version, he has had the good taste to retain, unaltered, in his own.

to prove with what exquisite felicity, what musical harmony, what solemn grandeur, the stream of English may be taught to flow in this Grecian channel.

Why is it that such lines appear so seldom ! that in the "Hymn to the Earth," of Coleridge, the master of rhythmical melody, not five lines occur that can be cited in the same page with these !

Because the writers, adopting the metre, reject the rules, of Grecian versification ; forget that a Dactyl is crippled into a Cretic, when the initial letter of the syllable it precedes is a consonant ; and too often suffer words of inferior consequence to occupy positions in the line to which they are not entitled, and under which, like pillars unequal to support the superincumbent structure, they are crushed in their insignificance.

For the latter error I can allow of no excuse ; for the former, only in the case of minute particles, which fall lightly on the ear, and to which no independent sense is attached,—or secondly, when the final letter of the Dactyl and the initial of the sequent syllable are the same, as in the first line of Mr. Coleridge's distich.*

I am afraid I thought more of the music, than of the theory, of English Hexameters, when I penned the foregoing lines, and have

* On the substitution of the trochee for the spondee, I need not dwell ; for a moment's reflection will convince every one that no such thing as a spondee exists in English. The difference in *time* is made up by the deeper accent laid on the first syllable of the trochee : just as, in music, a dotted quaver and a semiquaver are equal to two quavers.

It has just occurred to me, reading over the line

"Silently sped he along the shore," &c.,

while these sheets are passing through the press, that the aid of Alliteration, the rhyme of our early Poets, might be called in with advantage, to impart something of an English air to the Hexameter. Its use, however, should be unobtrusive and occasional only.

sinned consequently against the principles I have just ventured to lay down. I may be excused for leaving it to the reader to detect my errors.

Much, I admit, must be left to the taste of the Poet who may attempt to naturalize this noble metre in England. The difficulty of the task—to write pure mother English in a foreign metre, avoiding ungrammatical inversion in the structure of the sentence, and paying that due observance to the Cæsura, without which blank verse must always become wearisome—is so great, that every licence should be allowed him, consistent with the preservation of that rhythm in which the essence of the Hexameter consists, and which should be perceptible to the ear in spite of the most prosaic reader. If once the Poet be thoroughly imbued with the melody of the verse, he cannot go far wrong; he may introduce an occasional variation, but it will be impossible for him to *sing out of time*;—I use the phrase advisedly, for the Hexameter is essentially the metre of heroic minstrelsy.

I may add that the more the Poet appreciates the dignity of the Doric, and the purity of the Ionic architecture,—the more he imbues his mind with the grand ideas and lovely forms bequeathed to us by the Greek sculptors,—the deeper his love of Handel and Mozart,—and the more ardent his study of the *Bible*, that “fountain of fiery and God-like inspiration, of which the greatest of modern Poets have never been weary of drinking, which has suggested to them their noblest images, and animated them for their most magnificent flights,”*—the fitter will he be—I do not say to write *original poems in English Hexameters*—that I am far from wishing, but to present us with HOMER in that garb—the only one, I am convinced, in which he can appear before a British audience with the simple dignity of his minstrelhood.—Will no one

* Schlegel.

step forward?—Many a fair maiden, to whom the beauties of the Iliad and Odyssey are as yet but dimly visible through the mirage of Pope's version, would pay Queen Margaret's tribute to that Poet's lip, who, uniting the three characters of a genuine lover of Homer, a master of mother English, and the possessor of an ear for music, with simple tastes and a feeling heart, would seize the Grecian lyre, and sing to it, in his native tongue, and in the measure the Father of song has bequeathed to us, the Tale of Troy Divine, and the Wanderings of Ulysses.



GUID-NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'!

GUID-NICHT, and joy be wi' ye a' !
 Ye've made the aged minstrel fain,—
 Think whyles on him, when far awa',
 Wha'll maybe ne'er return again ;
 My heart's been withered mony a day,
 An' seared wi' tearless misery,
 May He wha reigns aboon repay
 The kindness ye hae shawn to me !

I maun awa', the moon my guide,
 O'er mossy muir, thro' brake and dell,—
 I canna stay—I canna bide—
 My blessings on ye—fare ye well !
 Think whyles on him wha'll think o' you
 Till life's brief gleam be past awa',—
 An auld man's blessing be your meed—
 Guid-nicht, and joy be wi' ye a' !

JUNE, 1831.

TO A CHILD SLEEPING.

SLEEP, my Minnie! sweetly slumber,
Angels hover round thy bed,—
Blessings without end or number
Lighten on my darling's head!

—Softly! art thou then awaking?
No—'t was but a transient gleam
Of bliss serene through slumber breaking
As thou weavest thy varied dream.

Sleep, love! sleep, and when thine eye
Welcomes again with brightening ray
Thy brother, watching silently
The summer-lightning thoughts that play

O'er thy dear face as swift as skims
The cloudlet's shadow o'er the deep,
And fitful as the breeze that fans
The waters' calm unruffled sleep,

Then thou shalt tell him of the form
That mingled with thy dreams of bliss,
A shadowy image, half-seen through
The mist of sleep's forgetfulness.

That form was mine ! the gleaming smile
That shot across thy cheek like lightning,
Was thy heart's welcome when thou saw'st
Mine image through the vision brightening.

Then rest thee, sister ! dearest, rest !
And dream, if dream thou dost, of me ;
While I watch over thy repose,
With angels for my company !

FEB. 1832.

GOOD NIGHT TO MINNIE!

ONE parting kiss, a kind good night!

And, Minnie, thou art gone!

Now all is silence, and I feel

'Tis sad to be alone.

Perchance among thine airy dreams

My form may dimly stray,

But long ere Minnie wakes again

Shall I be far away.

Sleep, dearest! then, and calmly weave

Thy web of dreamy bliss,

Live o'er again the bygone day

Of love and happiness.

The tales I told of fairy elves

Will now be told once more,

And fancy, spurning reason's yoke,

Will high and higher soar,

And now thou'lt charge with Wallace wight

By Stirling's hoary tower,

Now gaze on "castled Drachenfels,"

And the maid of Lurley's bower,

Now hurry away over bank bush and brae,
With the blood-hounds of hell coursing after
Thy fainting steps, and the woods resounding
To the Wild Rider's scornful laughter;—

But I shall appear on a white roc riding
When they're ready to pounce on their prey,
I'll stoop and catch thee in my arms
And soar with thee safely away—

Then, flash! over hill, and flash! over dale,
O'er the Forth with her isle-gems gay,
Nor rest we, though firefly shone ne'er so bright
As yon star from the Isle of May,

Till we light on our own Balcarres Craig,
And bidding our bird good morrow,
Glide home through the trees and over the lawn,
Like ghosts flitting merrily home at dawn
After wandering the wide world thorough.

—Then career away in thy slumbers so gay
'Mong the planets and stars so bright—
God in heaven bless thee, my sister sweet!
Good night—good night—good night!

9 MARCH, 1832.

SIR ALAN DE PENNINGTON AND ELLEN
OF DERWENTWATER.

1.

BURD ELLEN was the fairest may
That dwelt by Derwentwater,
And there came Lords and belted Earls
And gallant Knights to court her ;

But though their steeds so gaily pranced,
Nor Knight nor Earl could win
The precious heart enshrined that lay
Her bosom's snow within.

“ My gentle Squire,” quoth Sir William à Wood,
“ Come read ye this riddle to me,
Why Ellen of Radcliffe will not wed
With a Baron of high degree ?”

—“ Sir Knight ! heart hath she none to give
Since, under the greenwood tree,
She trysted Sir Alan de Pennington,
The flower of the west countrie.”

II.

Sir Alan hath called to his little foot-page
Ran merrily by his knee,
“Go ask if my love by Derwentwater
Hath token or hest for me.”

Sped swift away the little foot-page,
Nor badge nor plume he wore,
Ye would have deemed him a simple wight
As he sped o'er the moor.

And on sped he, and on, and on,
Though the wind blew keen and cold,
When at eve he reached bonnie Derwent's vale
The curfew-bell had tolled.

There's a light in her bower,—she hears his song
As he carols beneath the wa',
“The bird to her nest, but the little foot-page
O'er the heather by moonlight awa',—

‘Go ask my love,’ quoth the western Knight,
‘Has she token or hest for me,—
The birds sang sweet when we last did meet
By the mossy trysting-tree.’”

Burd Ellen hath opened her lattice high,
And she whispers fearfully,
While the moon looks down with a smile of love
On her maiden purity.

The little foot-page leaves hill and rill
And mossy moor behind,
He speeds like the red-deer before the hounds,
Or dry leaves before the wind.

“ My little foot-page, hast seen my love,
Hast token or hest for me ?”
“ Oh yes ! from her lattice she heard my song,
And gave me this ring for thee,
Saying, ‘ meet me by the Reiver’s cairn
Beneath the greenwood tree.’ ”

“ Now saddle my steed, my stable groom,
With silver and silken rein,
And I’ll away to the Reiver’s cairn,
Where the brackens are growing green.

“ And lie thee down, my little foot-page,
Thou’rt travel-worn and chill,
And the night-dews stream from thy raven hair—
So rest thee, and be still !”

III.

Sir Alan he pricked o'er hill and vale,
O'er mossy moor and dell,
And he was aware of Sir William à Wood
Fast riding o'er the fell.

"A boon, Sir Alan!" that good Knight cried,
"Wilt thou do battle with me
For Ellen de Ratcliffe of Derwentwater,
Whose bride and whose love she shall be?"

They fought full an hour in deadly stowre
Till he fell, that warrior brave;
There's a hillock still, by the tinkling rill,
They call Sir William's grave.

Then on fared he, Sir Alan bold,
O'er mossy moor and fell,
Till he 'lighted him by the Reiver's cairn,
Where the green-robed fairies dwell.

He sat him on a mossy stone,
His scarf was of Lincoln green,—
"Now who may this be," quoth a fairy wight,
"Wears a robe might deck our Queen?"

“ ’Tis Sir Alan the Lord of Muncaster,
That seeks Burd Ellen’s love,”
Said a wee wee man, with a merlin’s e’e,
And a bonnet o’ the red foxglove.

“ He dies ! ” — “ Ah no,” said a fairy fair,
The maid of the cairn was she, —
“ Oh ! do not blight his bonny face,
Nor dim his winsome e’e,
Burd Ellen’s love we must not skaith
Beneath the trysting-tree.” —

“ For Ellen’s sake, who loves our race,
Thy life is spared, thy crime forgiven ;
But seven long years must dawn and die
Ere again thou view the light of heaven ! ’

The weird is spoken, Sir Alan’s corse
Lies lifeless by the cairn,
His spirit bides in the fairies’ bower,
His body among the fern.

His good steed gazed as sore amazed,
Like lightning then was gone,
Nor paused till home bedrenched in foam,
And riderless he won, —
They sought Sir Alan far and near,
But rider found they none.

IV.

Burd Ellen looked out at her bower-window,
Nor aught might hear or see,
And she's away to the Reiver's cairn,
And the mossy trysting-tree.

East she looked and west she looked,
Nor page nor true love spied,
She saw but a morning mist-wreath float
On the cairnie's fern-clad side.

"I may away to my bower-window
And sing full low and mournfullie,—
Dead or ta'en my Knight must be,
For ne'er would he have lightlied me."

Six years flew by, and still her place
At her window Burd Ellen kept,
By day she looked for her lover's plume,
By night she prayed and wept.

Seven years were fled, seven long long years,
Of the eighth 'twas the dawning day, [dews
When Burd Ellen went down through the morning
By the burn where the minnows play,
And soon she came to the Reiver's cairn
Where Sir Alan's body lay.

v.

“ ’Tis a bonnie corse,” said the kind fairie
That dwelt within the cairn,
“ I’ll guard it from ill and heat and chill,
Till its spirit shall again return :—

“ I’ll gather the leaves of the red red rose,
And strew them on the ground,
And there his head shall soft be laid,
And the brackens will swathe him round.”

She gathered the leaves of the red red rose
And spread him his death-bed gay,
And the redbreast covered his face with moss
That morning as he lay ;
The moss above and the flowers below
Were renewèd day by day.

Nor waxed his rosy cheek less bright,
Nor waxed his bosom chill,
But breath was there none,—his look was calm,
All passionless and still :—
Dearly they loved him, bird and fay,
And would have loved him still,
Aye, loved and watched him to this day
Unweariedly, I well dare say,
Had they but had their will.

VI.

But now right aneath the trysting-tree
The long-lost Knight is laid ;
Seven years' absence was his doom,
And seven long years are fled.

The Lady slowly and with pain
Drew near the trysting-tree,
And started there to view a Knight
Lie slumbering at her knee.

She had come to die where the Pennington
Had pledged her his heart for ever,
Where first he pressed his Ellen's lip,
Where first he vowed to love her.

As nigh she drew Sir Alan woke,
From his death-trance wakened he,
So Burd Ellen found her true Knight at last
Beneath the greenwood tree.

“ Seven years, my love, my soul hath dwelt
In the sunless fairy land,
While my body lay 'neath the bracken bush
By the Fairy Queen's command.

“ But thou, my dear, that for many a year
Hast ne’er mistrusted me,
May the blessing of God for ever rest,
On thy love and thy constancy !”

VII.

The banner’s streaming to the gale
On Muncaster’s castle-tower,
And torches gleam in Esk’s clear stream
Beneath the oaken bower,—

A gallant train ride through the glen,
Sir Alan and Ellen fair,
And Sir Hugh, that mass-priest old and gray,
To bless the bridal pair.

Now my benisons on that company
That so fair and knightly ride,
And on every princely Pennington*
That spurs by his chieftain’s side !

* Most of the old Scottish families were distinguished by some alliterative epithet, expressive of their reputed character, and by which they were usually designated in the effusions of northern minstrelsy :—the doughty Douglasses, the gallant Grahams, the gay Gordons, the licht or lightsome Lindsays, &c. Nor was the custom confined to Scotland. In the ancient

The bride is won, my song is done,
So, gentles, fare ye well !
Quoth Sir John of Muncaster's harper gray,
Hight Eskdale's Andrew Bell.

15 SEPT., 1832.

ballad of the Reidsquair we find honourable mention of the "fierce Fenwicks," a powerful Northumbrian family ; and in the present instance, the epithet "princely" may be justly applied to the Penningtons of Cumberland, whose name, *Peneg-tun*, as it is written in Domesday Book, implying the "dwelling of the Prince," was assumed by them from their castle of that name, deserted shortly after the Conquest for their present residence, yet still in the possession of the present Lord Muncaster by lineal transmission from his forefathers.

GAMEL DE PENNINGTON'S LULLABY.

HUSH thee, my darling, sleep softly and still !
No sound didst thou hear save the brook on the hill,—
Hush thee, my Gamel ! sleep softly, my dear,
None save thy God and thy mother are near.

Hush thee, my sweet one, and list to my song,
Soft let it mingle thy slumbers among,
That in sleep my dear image may still be before thee,
And my voice still pour blessings in ecstasy o'er thee !

Where art thou wandering afar from thy home—
Where, in thy dream-travels, where dost thou roam ?—
Waking or slumbering, wherever thou be,
May the love of thy mother glow constant in thee !

Thou'lt smile when thou wak'st from thy visions of
 bliss,
Thou'lt murmur for pleasure, thou'lt crow for my kiss !
What thy tongue cannot utter, I'll read in thine eye,
As thy first thought's to see if thy mother be nigh.

'Tis she that best loves thee, that kisseth thy brow,
That prays for thee nightly, that bends o'er thee now ;
Angels are watching to guard thee from ill,—
Rest thee then, dearest, dream sweetly—be still !

May God in his mercy shower benisons o'er thee,
May His light and His truth shine for ever before thee,
May thy life be unchequered, thy sins be forgiven,
My cherub on earth and God's angel in heaven !

19 SEPT., 1832.



MAY MARGARET DRUMMOND.

HE drinks the wine cam frae Campvere
 In his hall at Striviling,—
 “Gae bring me here my guid grey steed,”
 Quoth gallant James our King.

He’s mounted on his guid grey steed,
 To Drummond castèlle gaed he,
 “Oh where’s, oh where’s May Margaret,
 Should hae bidden at hame for me?”—

“Lady Margret’s sangs—wha’ll sing them now?
 She sleeps nae mair to waken,
 Her gowden hair and her cheeks sae fair,
 Lie cauld aneath the bracken.

“There’s Lady Sibyl lies at her heid,
 Lady Fleming at her feet,
 And by her side there’s a place unfilled
 That aye shall be filled yct.”—

“Alack! alack! my winsome doo—
 And what was’t gart her die?”—

“The poison ran thro’ her bonnie blue veins,
And she dieit speedily.”

“Oh where’s her mither?”—

“She’s lying aneath the mool’”—

“Oh where’s her brither?”—

“He’s a monk ne’er ’ll see the sun.”

“Gar open for me May Margret’s grave,
And lay me by her side,
And hap us warm wi’ the cauld cauld yird,
For I’m come to claim my bride.

“Ye’ll lay at my heid my gay goss-hawk—
Will flee to her hand nae mair,—
Ye’ll lay at my feet my guid greyhound,
Will press to her side nae mair,—

“Ye’ll lay aboon me my true-love’s harp
She played sae sweet yestreen,—
Her spirit ’ll play amang the strings,
And lichtly I will dream!”

NOTE.

Margaret Drummond, daughter of the first Lord Drummond—the mistress, or, according to others, the wife by a private marriage, of King James the Fourth—poisoned in 1502.

"Great mystery," says Mr. Fraser Tytler, "hangs over the death of this royal favourite, and the most minute account is to be found in a celebrated work where one would certainly little expect to meet an obscure portion of Scottish history—Moreri's Dictionary. It is taken from a MS. history of the family of Drummond, composed in 1689. Speaking of the first Lord Drummond—'He had,' says this author, 'four daughters, one of whom, named Margaret, was so much beloved by James the Fourth, that he wished to marry her; but as they were connected by blood, and a dispensation from the Pope was required, the impatient monarch concluded a private marriage, from which clandestine union sprung a daughter, who became the wife of the Earl of Huntley. The dispensation having arrived, the King determined to celebrate his nuptials publicly; but the jealousy of some of the nobles against the house of Drummond, suggested to them the cruel project of taking off Margaret by poison, in order that her family might not enjoy the glory of giving two queens to Scotland.'—It is certain that Margaret Drummond, with Euphemia Lady Fleming, and the Lady Sibylla, her sisters, died suddenly at the same time, with symptoms exciting the strongest suspicion of poison, which it was thought had been administered to them at breakfast. So far the story substantially agrees with Moreri; but that the unfortunate lady fell a victim to the jealousy of the Scottish nobles, rests on no authentic evidence; nor does this explain why her two sisters, Lady Fleming and Lady Sibylla, should have shared her fate. The story tells more like some dreadful domestic tragedy, than a conspiracy of the aristocracy to prevent the King's marriage to a commoner."—(*Hist. of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 419.)

THE NEREIDS' CAVE.

A FRAGMENT;

IN IMITATION OF ALFRED TENNYSON.

Though the silvery-foaming wave
 Ever boundeth o'er the ocean,
 Though the emerald billows rave
 With an everlasting motion,
 In the waters far beneath
 All is calm and still as death,—
 Here are coral-pillared caves,
 Unvisited, untenanted,
 Here are rock-ensculptured graves,
 The huge Kraken's giant bed,
 Whither he retires to die
 When his parting hour is nigh :—
 Here are crystal palaces,
 Forest-shaded by the wild
 Ruby-branching Ocean-child,
 Where the blue-eyed Nereides
 Tune the human-ivory flute,
 And Ocean's echoing grots prolong
 Their wild notes as they float along,
 While all around is spell-entranced and mute :—

Here are coral-trellised bowers,
Wreathed with ever-blooming flowers,
And 'mong them twine eye-glassy water-snakes,
 Gliding swift and silently,
While oft, in unexpected freaks,
The keen-eyed merry lizard breaks
 From the shadow of the shell,
Where his form the curious eye,
Darkly sheltered, scarce can spy,

 He hath chosen his lurking-place so well.
All is calm and still ;

 Far above we faintly hear
 The sea-tempest, to the ear
Moaning softly, like a rill
Moss-enchannelled on the hill

 As it downward flows,
With a murmur melancholy,
Like the eve-prayer breathèd lowly
By a maiden mild and holy

 Ere she seeks repose.
Thought is soothed to rest ;

 Here we laugh nor weep,
Each in bourneless reverie blest

 Lightly seems to sleep.
Here is music ever flowing,

 Like a sunbeam, through the waters,
Here are fresh flowers ever blowing,
 Ocean's bright but chilly daughters,

And we pluck them, as they grow
Gently waving to and fro,
Ere they reach the upper tide,—
While we are idly intertwining
 Blossomy garlands bright and rare
 With our fair ones' sunny hair,
Each one by the side reclining
Of his blue-eyed Nereid bride.

Happy we live beneath the sea,
Undisturbed and silently;
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Dreams of wildest pageantry
Flicker past delusively,
Or stars in thick continuous shower
Fall, like feathery snow-flakes streaming
O'er Himala's wintry bower, [gleaming,
Or hover, as when, through the casement
The myriad sunmotes idly quiver,
In the ray disporting ever,
From the ray departing never.

Thoughts that once, with tyrannous spell,
Held our hearts enthralled, and gave
A living instinct to the dell
The mountain and the wave,
Till no-where could we find a spot
Where Life and speaking tongues were not—

Thoughts that at each moment met us
Thoughts that would not be suppress,
But ever unawares beset us
When most we sighed for rest,
Stirring up each wild emotion,
Till our hearts, like vexèd Ocean,
Swelled in rapture to the sky,
Or shrank in lowliest agony—
Thoughts like these have had their day,
Like a dream have passed away.
Joy nor Sorrow, Hope nor Fear,
Childhood's smile nor Woman's tear,
Love nor Hate can move us here.
On a sea of bliss reposing,
A calm unruffled sea of bliss,
Every warring thought composing
Into still forgetfulness,
Glide our careless hours away,
As in Indian groves they say
Will be our lot, supremely blest,
When reabsorbed in Brahmè's rest.*

8 DEC., 1832.

* "God, as separated from matter, the Hindoos contemplate as a Being reposing in his own happiness, destitute of ideas; as infinite placidity; as an unruffled sea of bliss; as being perfectly abstracted and void of consciousness. They therefore deem it the height of perfection to be like this

TORRE DI ROSANA.

A FRAGMENT.

AND am I mad?—they tell me so ;
 Perchance —— that bell ! that bell !
 Again I hear the knell,
 And 'tween my prison-bars I see
 That face so meek in misery,
 And hear her whisper soft and low,
 And all my madness thrills again
 Through pulse and nerve and bone and brain !—
 —I will not look—I will not hear,—
 I am *not* mad, though all alone
 A woman's faint and stifled moan
 Be ever ringing in mine ear,—
 Although between me and the sky
 I see, at times, the phantom fly

Being."—"The person whose very nature, say they, is absorbed in divine meditation ; whose life is like a sweet sleep, unconscious and undisturbed ; who does not even desire God, and who is thus changed into the image of the ever-blessed,—obtains absorption into Brumhu."—*Ward's View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos*—vol. ii. pp. 177-8. (3d edit.)

Of one I loved, I am *not* mad,—
I've dreamt these visions all before,
But they are past, and I am glad
To think that I shall dream no more !
I will not rest, I will not sleep,
But I will watch yon lonely star
That trembleth o'er my prison-bar,
Beaming upon me, as I weep,
With pity's smile ; this weary night
Glide not too quickly from my sight,
Blest star ! but cheer me with thine eye,
Kind as it shone in years gone by,
When, sailing 'mong thy sisters bright,
I hailed thee from the mountain's height
Emblem of Love's true constancy.
Oh ! that I now were wandering free
Among my native hills again,
No more to feel the weight, or hear
The clanking, of this iron chain
That cramps my limbs with agony !
Yes ! I have loved—and those there were
Who loved me ; still they haunt my bower,
This ruined lichen-bannered tower,
And carol o'er me as I sleep
My torture-dreams, convulsed and deep ;
And then I seem to view once more
My mountain-home, as when of yore
We dwelt there in obscurity,

Scorned or unheard of; we were not
Quite orphans, for a mother's eye
Watched o'er our heedless infancy;
Now—we are all alike forgot!—
A stranger owns my fathers' hall,
Green ruin o'er its chambers preys,
The fearless lizard on the wall
Basks in the noontide blaze;
The garden's labyrinth-maze of flowers
Conceals the speckled serpent's bowers,
And you may hear him rustling pass
Unseen amongst the tangled grass,
Beneath the myrtle boughs that wave
In fragrance o'er my mother's grave.
—All I loved are dead and gone—
I look around, and am alone!
And yet, not so; for oft they come
To visit me on airy wings,
And of our mother and our home
I hear a voice that sweetly sings
Words, which in my imaginings,
I dream of having heard before,
Though when or where I cannot tell;
But this is only when afar
The torch of that dear lonely star
Is lit within her crystal cell,
For when beyond yon iron-bar
She wandereth, they sing farewell.

And am I—am I, then, alone—
Alone on earth? and are there none
To love me—none to soothe my brow,
When racked with anguish, as 't is now,—
None to watch o'er me lest I sleep
That slumber agonized and deep?
No, no—not one! I saw them die,
Each—all, before my frenzied eye;
My sister and my fair-haired brother,
And she, the only one that e'er
Than sister I esteemed more dear,—
All, all are gone, nor breathes there other
By sea or land or far or near,
That cares for or would weep for me.
—Can this be but a faithless dream,
Or vision of insanity?—
I know not,—for my fevered brain
Peoples my sight with forms that seem
Theirs, yet inconstantly they gleam,
And come awhile, then go again
And sport them round my prison-tower
As if they recked not of my pain:—
I have no friend but thee, dear Star!
Blest, oh for ever blest the hour
When first I saw thee rise afar,
Thy soft eye glistening through the night
With tearful lustre, mild and bright!

Oh ! if indeed some Scraph dwell
Within that silver-trellised cell,
Who views my tears' unceasing flow,
 And beameth on my prison-home
To be a solace to my woe,
 And teach my panting soul to roam
Aloft unto yon peaceful skies
Whither, uncalled, Man cannot rise,—
Oh ! by the tear that dims thy ray !
 I pray thee, plead for me in heaven
That hence I soon be called away,
 My sins in death forgot—forgiven !
Then will we join thee in thy sphere,
 My sister, brother, bride, and I,
And live and love from year to year,
 Till Time ends in Eternity.—
Sweet Virgin Mother ! let me die !—
And bid those spirits come once more
 To cheer me on my dying bed,
Singing the hymns we sang of yore
 Ere childhood's happy hours were fled :—
I met them on the mountain's brow—
It may be days or years ago,
I know not—but I had broke my chain,
 And climbed Rosana's peaks of snow,
The avalanche's desert reign,—
 The sun—I had not felt his glow

For many a year—was slowly sinking
Beneath the wave, and heaven was drinking
His glory as he sank to rest
Beyond the billows of the West ;

I gazed upon the world below,
And there I saw a lake of pride
Embosomed in the mountain's side,
And towerèd cities, and the sea
Gleaming in golden majesty,
And gallant ships in white array
Bedecked as on a festive day ;—

I joyed to see that cheerful sight,
And blest the Giver of the light,
But o'er that happy scene came night,
And all was mirk and grey ;

Then woke the tempest, cloud with cloud
Battling through heaven—my brow was warm
With lightnings streaming from my shroud
Of sable mist, and o'er the storm

I ruled in madness wild and proud,
And laughed to hear the thunders crashing,
And feel the arrowy lightnings flashing,
'Round my throbbing temples dashing—

Madly did I laugh and loud :
Till softly through the murky storm
There beamed a young and lovely form,
In robes of purity arrayed,—
I knew her, 'twas my own dear maid !

I felt her kiss upon my brow,
I heard her voice in accents low
Blessing me as she onward past,
Departing lightly on the blast :—
Then others came,—I knew them all !
 My martyred sister, and my brother,
 My broken-hearted, grey-haired mother,—
They bent them from their airy hall,
And each one prest my lip of flame,
And smiled on me, and blest my name

DEC. 22, 1832.

THE MARTIN OF TILlicOUNTRY.

ALOFT in her nest, where none intrude
 But birds of her own Lindesian brood,
 There dwelleth a Martin
 “ Wha for certain
 Doth love us all
 Both great and small !”
 Our own dear guardian bird, she brings
 Good luck to our home, and sweetly sings
 Her vespers, when she wends to rest
 Beneath the roof her abode hath blest.
 —Kindest, dearest of thy race,
 Blessings on thy dwelling-place !
 We love our Martin, she loves our clan,
 And none shall molest her, bairn woman or man !

MARCH, 1831.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

TIME sports with our happiness ; brief though and
bright

Be our seasons of bliss, he wings swifter his flight
Till the sun-shine's o'er-clouded, then knocks at the
heart

To claim entrance for sorrow, and bid joy depart.
Mine hour is at hand, and afar must I rove,
From the home of my heart, from the land of my love,
From the bosom of those whose kind welcome hath
shown

I've two homes still in Scotland to claim as my own !
To the land of my sires a lone stranger I came,
A Southron in all save my heart and my name,
I found sisters and brothers where, such was my blind-
ness,

I deemed I'd no right nor pretension to kindness ;
God's blessing light on them ! His peace ever rest
On their dwellings with virtue and happiness blest,—
Tillicoultry—Balcarres, by reason, wit, mirth,
Love and concord, combined, rendered Edens on earth,
Save among whose dear inmates my soul never knew
Blood gushing so warmly, hearts beating so true.

—Farewell ! the sad hour of departure is near,
Slow receding my steps will soon die on the ear,
Yet o'er some oft will flit an emotion of sadness,
When they miss the rude laugh that betokened my
gladness ;

Rob Roy 'll no more hear me ascending his stairs,
With some harsh Gaelic guttural assailing his ears,
Yet oft, when the Merry one climbs on his knee,
Will he hear the blythe jest in remembrance of me ;
And often at noon will his sweet smile be seen,
While he telleth the tale of the days that *have been*,
When our steeds, side by side, far out-galloped the
wind, as,

Like Aeneas, we left Fiumicino behind us.

—Farewell, dearest Rob ! when I'm far far away,
Forget not the brother you part from to-day ;
Few friends can I number—of those thou art one
Who I think will be grieved when they hear I am gone,
Whose smile will subside at the whisper of sorrow
When they think of me absent, and miss me to-morrow !

Adieu, dearest Auntie ! full oft have I listened
To your heart-music's thrill till my eyelids have glis-
tened,

Unconscious the while from what chords of the heart
Your touch caused such mingling emotions to start.
Farewell, Mary Anne, Alexina, and Katie !
Dear—dear to my heart since the first hour I met ye—

I know ye—I love ye—when far o'er the sea
Think often, dear Wee ones, and kindly, of me.
—Adieu to auld Reekie! where dwell all alone
Three ministering angels that live but for one
Dearest object of love, to his feebleness given
As a staff for his pilgrimage homeward to heaven.
—Adieu to Balcarres, adieu to the den,
And the Craig with its tower that in fancy again
Gleams o'er me as clear 'gainst the warm sunny sky
As of late every morning it greeted mine eye:
Oh! many's the scene I have welcomed with joy
O'er land and main roving, a mountaineer boy,
But ne'er saw I landscape so dear and so fair
To a poet's fond heart as I gazed upon there—
The den with its burnie, the green-wooded lea,
The kirk and the chapel, the loch and the sea,
And the *door* of the mansion, where year after year
My welcome's still warmer, each inmate more dear.

Farewell then to Scotland! her mountains of blue
Ere to-morrow's sun wane will be lost to my view—
Britannia's white cliffs soon will fade o'er the main,
And years may elapse ere I hail them again,
But the farther o'er Europe or Asia I roam,
The dearer shall still be mine own Scottish home,
And what bliss will be mine should *each* land I explore
But point out *one* new cause to love Scotland the more!

MARCH, 1834.

THE CHAPEL OF BALCARRES.

WITHIN these walls green wreaths of ivy wave
 O'er many a brother's, many a sister's grave,—
 Beneath the flowery turf the living tread
 Our sires and mothers slumber with the dead;
 Sacred to one dear name, these groves embrace
 No foreign dust, no strangers to our race;
 In death united, as in life, we dwell,
 Son laid next father's,—wife next husband's cell,
 The infant's lip beside the mother's breast,
 Each by the one most loved, all hushed to rest.
 —The Brother's heart that blest his Sister's name,
 The voice at whose fond summons blythe she came,
 The loving eye that watched her early bloom,
 The trembling arm that bore her to the tomb,
 The quivering lip that vainly strove to pray
 O'er dust whose heavenly spark had passed away—
 Are Nothing now ! the lips that pressed her cheek,
 The arm that clasped her—withered cold and weak,—
 The knees that bent beside her at the shrine
 Where, guests of Christ, both shared the cup divine,
 Nerveless,—their voices stilled, that late were blending
 In self-same prayers for others' weal ascending,—

Their song of grateful homage hymned no more—
Night's shadow flung their life's brief morning o'er,—
Rent the bright web of bliss their fancy wove,—
Chilled their warm hearts, whose every throb was love!
But tenderer smiles await them in the skies,
And holier love whose freshness never dies;
Robed all in white, they bend before the throne,
Their mother's voice proclaiming them her own;
“These, Lord! the children by thy bounty given,
Thy blood redeemed, thy grace assured to heaven!”
Angels of brightness, hand in hand they roam,
In bliss immortal, through their heavenly home.

Yet oft at eve, when earth's faint music's still,
And mellow twilight slumbereth on the hill,
Oft may we hear, soft swelling on the breeze,
Their voices blend in heaven's rich harmonies;
For still they haunt the spot of gladness where
Their infant hearts first glowed in inward prayer,
Still love to wander through their fathers' halls,
Still love to hover o'er these roofless walls,
Where, Death's pale emblem, blooms the Stuarts' rose,
O'er chiefs that wore it ere they wooed repose.

Closed are the lips that erst in feudal jar
Cheered on to blood the ravening wolves of war,
Closed are the lips and hushed the honeyed tongue
On whose bland accents kings and councils hung,—
Hushed the soft breath that graced the minstrel-lays
Of tribute fond to Caledonia's praise,

And hushed the death-wail echoing through the gloom
When vassals bore their chieftains to the tomb !
—What various thoughts—loves—passions thrilled the
 breast

Of each dear kinsman gathered here to rest !
The studious sage—the chief that for his bride
Wooded war's rude Goddess—slumber side by side ;—
The hunter's foot no longer scales the hill,
The hound's at rest, the mellow clarion still ;
The pilgrim's eye that roved o'er earth to find
Pure springs of knowledge to refresh mankind,
Yet found, where'er his curious glance might roam,
No land so lovely as his Northern home,—
The wayworn feet,—the knees that reverence paid
To Christ in deserts where the Moslem prayed,—
Rest here at last, amid the kindred dust
Of saints that throng the mansions of the just.

Light be their slumber, mild the dews that shed
Beauty and fragrance o'er each honoured head,
Hallowed the spot where yews and lichens wave
Their mingling banner o'er our fathers' grave !
The star-beams, struggling through the foliage deep,
Smile on the mossy hillocks where they sleep,—
Yet oft, or legends err, at evening-tide
From grave to grave the awakened spirits glide,
And, dimly flitting in the moon's pale ray,
Hold sweet communion till the dawn of day.

APRIL, 1834.

EPITAPH
ON
MARION GUTHRIE,
WIFE OF
JOHN LINDSAY OF BALCARRES,
SECRETARY OF STATE TO K. JAMES VI.
BY SIR ADRIAN DAMMAN A BISTERWELT,
A DANISH KNIGHT.

FROM THE LATIN.

O'ER Death victorious, face to face with God
Thrice-happy Marion stands, and, as her songs
On earth were His, among the angelic choirs
Still sings His praise.

Long may ye sojourn here,
Sweet children, sorrowing husband ! still your God's
Peculiar care, till, satisfied with days,
Ye reach the same abiding-place in heaven !

THE ASCENT OF THE CATARACTS.

THE sky is clear, not a cloud in heaven,
And blythely swells the sail,
While myriad islet rocks between
We skim before the gale—
Like a black swan each on a still lake's breast,
Peacefully cradled in noontide rest.

The cataract's roar ! around their chief,
Each to the God of Ishmael bending,
The turbaned crew approve his prayer,
Their lives to Allah's will commending ;
A prayer of much simplicity—
And we too, Lord ! we trust in Thee !

Syene's rocks are far behind,
And thy green banks, sweet Isle of Flowers !
And thine, Shehayl ! whose children's laugh
Rings merrily through the date-tree bowers
That erst, mysterious rites concealing,
O'ershadowed silent Pharaohs kneeling.

And yearly to the triple shrine—

For Kneph's and Sati's equal smile
With Anuki's was courted there—

Dark-visaged Queens from Meroe's Isle,
And Kings from farthest Hadramaut,
Bright gems and Indian incense brought.

—The Nile! the Nile! I hear the gathering roar—

No vision now—no dream of ancient years!

Throned on his rocks amid the watery war

The King of floods, old Homer's Nile, appears!

With gentle smile, majestically sweet,

Curbing the billowy steeds that vex them at his feet.

Not so when, bursting from the matron breast

Of central Afric, veiled from eye profane,

Ten thousand fertile streams, with foamy crest,

Rush down to waft their Monarch to the main;

Then to those billowy steeds he gives the rein,

And, leaning on his car with simple grace,

Speeds, like the light, o'er Egypt's thirsty plain;

The Hours, the Seasons, laugh before his face,

Fresh as the new-born Sun, rejoicing in his race.

Thus, when the Sun of Righteousness, his wings

Of healing spread, shall rise upon our woe,*

* The orb with expanded wings is the device sculptured over the entrance of every temple in Egypt.

The River of Life, from heavenly Zion's springs,
As Nile o'er Egypt, o'er the earth shall flow ;
Desert no more, Zahara's sands shall glow
With purple flowers,—where'er the floods extend
Knowledge shall bloom, and Love, enthroned
below,
Dwell in all hearts ;—and every bough shall bend
With sacramental pledge of blessings without end !

Then, Philæ !—(lo ! the rapids past,
Like wrath supplanted by a smile,
'Tween opening rocks and waters clear
That murmur music to the ear,
Steals into view the lovely isle—)
Then, Philæ ! then shall hymns once more
Resound along thy templed shore !

Shrine of old Faith, though long defiled !
To God and man thou still art dear,
For Cushite Kings of earliest time,
And blameless creed, have worshipped here,
Ere blinded man the All-seeing Eye
Degraded to idolatry.*

* The Isle of Philæ was held equally sacred by the Egyptians and Ethiopians, who met there to perform the common rites of their religion to Osiris, Isis, and Horus, whose worship had supplanted, and partly become blended with, that of the hawk, originally kept there as an emblem of the Omnivision of God, but elevated to the rank of a deity after the meaning of the emblem had been forgotten.

—Christ's agony ! a second blight
That morn pale Egypt overspread ;
The hoary Pyramids, steeped in night,
Trembled upon their rocky bed,
Foreboding judgments from on high
Fiercer than those that shook their infancy.*

Isis that morn, moon-crested dame,
Sweet Philæ's bowers forsook for ever ;
Her shrine thenceforth was dumb,—Kings came
To ask, but answer gat they never ;
The Priests, too, fled, their time was o'er,
And votaries sought her Isle no more.

Years dawned and died till, bound for Ind,
With holy eye and snowy beard,

* "And it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened."—"This obscuration of the sun was observed at Heliopolis, in Egypt, by Dionysius the Areopagite, afterwards the illustrious convert of St. Paul at Athens; who, in a letter to the martyr Polycarp, describes his own and his companion the sophist Apollophanes' astonishment at the phenomenon. Apollophanes exclaimed, as if divining the cause, 'These, O Dionysius, are the vicissitudes of Divine events!' Dionysius answered, 'Either the Deity suffers, or he sympathises with the sufferer.' And that sufferer, according to tradition, recorded by Michael Syncellus of Jerusalem, he declared to be the unknown God, for whose sufferings all nature was darkened and convulsed."—*Suidas. ap. Hales' Chronology.*

The Pyramids were building when Abraham visited Egypt.

With scrip and staff and girdled robe,
One autumn eve a Sire appeared ;
More to be loved seemed he than feared,—
The children rested from their play,
And craved his blessing as he went his way.

Well might they ask it ! he was one
That He who little children loved
Had breathed his Holy Spirit upon ;
And by that Spirit inly moved,
He then sought out an humble pair
That dwelt in lonely virtue there.

The night in holy converse past,
The stranger went his way the morrow,—
Long, long remembered, uneffaced,
His words of mingled cheer and sorrow !
For meek and mournful was his mien,
As one that of himself had much mistrustful been.*

Me lists not to recount the tale
How, through that pair by truth enlightened,
To hundreds o'er each Nubian vale
The sun of Gospel gladness brightened,
And Philæ heard once more delighted
Hymns to the God to whom her youth was plighted.

* I have no authority for making St. Thomas pass through Ethiopia on his way to India.

But Persecution even here

Sought out and slew them ; writ in heaven
Their names, unread in human story,
Shine like the morning-stars in glory ;

In robes of whiteness, freely given,
Palms in their hands, the victor band
Before the Lamb, their Saviour, stand.

Uncouth inscriptions, rudely traced,

A sculptured cross—mute things alone
Reveal where erst Acceptance graced

The prayers thro' which their prize was won :
And Philæ, with a mother's moan,
Unmindful of their happier lot,
Weeps o'er her children that are not !

Rise, sweet one, rise ! and dry thy tears,—

A brighter day is dawning o'er

A world for twice three thousand years

Trodden down of man and drenched in gore ;

Thy children thou shalt see once more,

Shalt hear their voices blend united

In hymns like those in which thy youth delighted !

—Soon, O soon, may the day-star rise

O'er Egypt's vale and Asshur's bowers,

To warn the nations, unseal their eyes,
And guide their feet to Salem's towers,
When every hand shall an offering bear,
And every heart be a House of Prayer !

NUBIA, JAN., 1837.

FINIS.



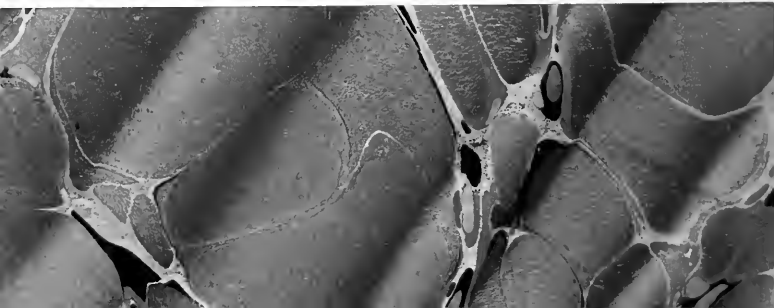
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